

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

SAMUEL ELVERTON; OR, SISTERLY LOVE.

A LEAF OF REAL LIFE.

In Three Parts.—Part II.

BY HENRY J. BOGUE.

Oh, dash the cup down to the earth,
For I will drink no more;
It cannot fill the heart with mirth,
That grief hath wounded sore;
For serpents wreath its sparkling brim,
And adders lurk below;
It hath no soothing charm for him
Who sinks oppressed with woe.

MS. Poem.

Every man moves in that circle, in which his influence will be felt, his actions imitated. It is here that even the humblest may do much. Not by boisterous denunciations of intemperance against all who may feel the importance of the subject less deeply than himself—but by a meek and unostentatious, yet firm and consistent rejection of those things, daily and nightly, which lead to misery. He must remember that they whom he would gain over, are not so wicked as they are weak, and that it is not in the capacity of a judge that his labours are required, but in the more endearing character of a friend. His strongest persuasions must be those of practice. There is no lecture so eloquent as the silent lesson of a spotless example. He may not witness sudden conversions to total abstinence—he may even sometimes hear the coarse taunt of the scorner, as Samuel did when once, and once only, he urged his former friends to live soberly, not thinking that they watched a favorable opportunity to draw him back to wretchedness.

Nothing should shake the lover of temperance from his purpose. He must *persevere*. By time and patience the leaf of the mulberry tree becomes satin. In good season he will behold the harvest of his labours ripening

around him. His gentle entreaties, his mild and judicious zeal

Each virtuous mind will wake,

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,

Another still, and still another spreads;

Friend, kindred, neighbour, first it will embrace,

His country next, and next all human race.

It was on a delightful evening near the last of May, that Samuel, while walking alone, was overtaken by one of his former companions, to whom he had once been much attached. This friendship, which late events had not entirely subdued, together with some amiable traits of character, and the pleasing manners which he possessed, gave him peculiar advantages for the accomplishment of his design. He at first contrived to interest deeply his companion in conversation, and then, by very artful management, to awaken in Samuel's breast, feelings and passions which had long been in subjection. As they were returning from the walk, he earnestly persuaded Samuel, who consented, with considerable reluctance, to call for a few moments at his room. Wine was produced and both of them tasted it.

One of their former associates soon came in, as if accidentally; another and another followed; each warmly welcomed Samuel with apparent cordiality, and endeavoured to drown the apprehensions which he began to manifest, by pleasantry and mirth.

Their guest wished to leave them, but they always opposed his faint attempts with so much good humour that he could not resist. They gradually turned their attention to the wine; Samuel sat with them, but he said little, smiled occasionally; he appeared as if in a state of stupified amazement. But the dead calm in his countenance did not indicate freedom from commotion within. There was a work of conflict and destruction going on in his soul, which defied all expression in his action and utterance, and he sat like one overwhelmed by some powerful emotion, whose workings almost suspended the operations of vitality.

They only who have been in such circumstances, can tell with what irresistible power the associates of other days will come over the soul, when it is unexpectedly exposed to scenes and temptations which have for some time been successively avoided. Samuel had accustomed himself to banish from his thoughts every thing which could have a tendency to awaken that hankering after forbidden pleasures, which he knew to be so tempting; and the moral principles which he had endeavoured to establish, in their stead, had begun to strengthen themselves within him. His soul had undergone a revolution, and was

fast settling into order, but this unexpected and most powerful attack was too strong for a government not yet perfectly confirmed, and for an hour a warfare was maintained between conscience and moral principle on the one hand, and on the other the old propensities and passions, which had been for a time subdued, but which were now, by the temptations of this scene, called up afresh in all their power. Wherever his unhallowed propensities gained a momentary ascendancy, they prompted him to raise a glass to his lips; and although he set it down again to renew the conflict, the better side was weakened by the previous defeat, and by the influence of the sparkling liquid, which soon began to animate and gladden.

All Samuel's resolutions were soon forgotten. Many rounds had been drunk, anecdotes were told, and calls were made for songs. William Wilkins was an excellent singer, and having been requested to sing, he politely declined; but Samuel, who was passionately fond of songs, urged him; then he did not refuse, but sang

THE BUMPER OF WINE.

I.

Give me wine, rosy wine, that foe to despair,
Whose magical power can banish all care;
Of friendship the parent, composer of strife,
The soother of sorrow, and blessing of life;
The schools about happiness warmly dispute,
And weary the sense in the phantom pursuit;
In spite of their maxims, I dare to define,
The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

II.

To the coward a warmth it ne'er fails to impart,
And opens the lock of the miserly heart;
While thus we carouse it, the wheels of the soul
O'er life's rugged highway agreeably roll.
Each thinks of his charmer who never can cloy,
While fancy rides past to the regions of joy;
In spite of dull maxims, I dare to define,
The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

III.

'Tis the balsam specific that heals every sore,
Yet the off'ner we taste it, we love it the more:
Then he who true happiness seeks to attain,
With spirit the full flowing bumper must drain;
And all who the court of fair Venus would know,
Undaunted through Bacchus's vineyard must go;
In spite of dull maxims, I dare to define,
The grand Summum Bonum's a bumper of wine.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried one.

"Well done, Bill," said another.

"How comes it that others cannot sing!"

"I—I—do not know—know," stammered one, who was intoxicated.

"One thing is evident that you cannot sing, for you cannot speak without stuttering."

"So much for the bumpers of wine."

"Heigho," said Samuel.

"What's the matter?"

All eyes were directed to Samuel. He felt a little feverish. Wine was given to revive, but it failed. The window was opened, and

the balmy breeze played on his feverish forehead.

“Are you better?”

No answer was returned. The mind was at work. His eyes looked wild; his vision was double; the pupils were much dilated. His lower lip protruded; his jaw fell, and his mouth foamed.

Reason had flown, and *madness* held the reins.

Part III. in next No.

SPECULATION: OR DYSPEPSIA CURED.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

When the mind's free the body's delicate. Lear.

THE romantic traveler who enters Italy at Leghorn, cannot but feel disappointed. No antiquated repose broods, like a dream, over the scene; no architectural wonders arrest the eye. The quays present the same bustle and motley groups observable in every commercial town; and were it not for the galley slaves, whose fetters clank in the thoroughfares, and the admirable bronze group, by Pietro Tacco, around the statue of Ferdinand I., it would be difficult to point out any distinctive feature amid the commonplace associations of the spot. To a stranger's eye, however, the principal street affords many objects of diversion. The variety of costume and physiognomy is striking in a place where pilgrims and merchants, Turks and Jews, burly friars and delicate invalids are promiscuously clustered; and one cannot long gaze from an adjacent balcony, without discovering some novel specimen of humanity. A more secluded and melancholy resort is the English burying-ground, where hours may be mused away in perusing the inscriptions that commemorate the death of those who breathed their last far from country and home. The cemeteries devoted to foreign sepulture, near some of the Italian cities, are quite impressive in their isolated beauty. There, in the language of a distant country, we read of the young artist suddenly cut off at the dawn of his career, and placed away with a fair monument to guard his memory, by his sorrowful associates, who long since have joined their distant kindred. Another stone marks the crushed hopes of children who brought their dying mother to this clime in the vain expectation to see her revive. Names, too, not unknown to fame, grace these snowy tablets—the last and affecting memorials of departed genius. Monte Nero is an agreeable retreat in the vicinity where the Italians make their *villeggiatura*, and the foreigners ride in the summer evenings, to inhale the cheering breeze from the sea. Leghorn was formerly subject to Genoa, and remained a comparatively unimportant place until Cosmo I. exchanged for it the Episcopal town of Sarzana. I had quite exhausted the few objects of interest around me, and my outward resources were reduced to hearing Madame Ungher in Lucrezia Borgia in the evening, and dining in the afternoon in the pleasant garden of a popular restaurant; when, one day as I was walking along a crowded street, my attention was arrested by a singular figure ensconced in the doorway of a fashionable inn. It was a lank, sharp-featured man, clad in linscy-woolsey, with a white felt hat on his head and an enormous twisted stick in his hand. He was

looking about him with a shrewd gaze in which inquisitiveness and contempt were strangely mingled. The moment I came opposite to him, he drew a very large silver watch from his fob, and, after inspecting it for a moment with an impatient air, exclaimed,

"I say, stranger, what time do they dine in these parts?"

"At this house the dinner hour is about five."

"Five! why I'm half starved and its only twelve. I can't stand it later than two. I say, I guess you're from the States?"

"Yes."

"Maybe you came here to be cured of dyspepsy?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, I'm glad of it, for it's a plaguy waste of money. I just arrived from New Orleans, and there was a man on board who made the trip all on account of dyspepsy. I as good as told him he was a fool for his pains. I know a thing or two, I guess. You see that stick? Well, with that stick I've killed six alligators. There's only one thing that's a certain cure for dyspepsy."

"And what's that?"

For a moment the stranger made no reply, but twisted his stick and gave a wily glance from his keen, gray eyes, with the air of a man who can keep his own counsel.

"You want to know what will cure dyspepsy?"

"Yes."

"Well then—*Speculation*!"

After this announcement the huge stick was planted very sturdily, and the spectral figure drawn up to its utmost tension, as if challenging contradiction. Apparently satisfied with my tacit acceptance of the proposition, the man of alligators grew more complacent.

"I'll tell you how I found out the secret. I was a schoolmaster in the State of Maine, and it was as much as I could do to make both ends meet. What with flogging the boys, leading the choir Sundays, living in a leaky school-house and drinking hard cider, I grew as thin as a rail, and had to call in a traveling doctor. After he had looked into me and my case; 'Mister,' says he, 'there's only one thing for you to do, you must speculate.' I had a kind of notion what he meant, for all winter the folks had been talking about the eastern land speculation; so, says I, 'Doctor, I have n't got a cent to begin with.' 'So much the better,' says he, 'a man who has money is a fool to speculate; you've got nothing to lose, so begin right away.' I sold my things all but one suit of clothes, and a neighbor gave me a lift in his

wagon as far as Bangor. I took lodgings at the crack hotel, and by keeping my ears open at the table and in the bar-room, soon had all the slang of speculation by heart, and, having the gift of the gab, by the third day out-talked all the boarders about 'lots,' 'water privileges,' 'sites' and 'deeds.' One morning I found an old gentleman sitting in the parlor, looking very glum. 'Ah,' says I, 'great bargain that of Jones, two hundred acres, including the main street as far as the railroad depot—that is, where they're to be when Jonesville's built.' 'Some people have all the luck,' says the old gentleman. 'There is n't a better tract than mine in all Maine, but I can't get an offer.' 'It's because you don't talk it up,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'you seem to understand the business. Here's my bond, all you can get over three thousand dollars you may have.' I set right to work, got the editors to mention the thing as a rare chance, whispered about in all corners that the land had been surveyed for a manufacturing town, and had a splen-

did map drawn, with a colored border, six meeting-houses, a lyceum, blocks of stores, hay-scales, a state prison and a rural cemetery—with Gerrytown in large letters at the bottom, and then hung it up in the hall. Before the week was out, I sold the land for cash to a company for twenty thousand dollars, gave the old gentleman his three thousand, and have been speculating ever since. I own two thirds of a granite quarry in New Hampshire, half of a coal mine in Pennsylvania, and a prairie in Illinois, besides lots of bank stock, half of a canal and a whole India rubber factory. I've been in New Orleans, buying cotton, and came here to see about the silk business, and mean to dip into the marble line a little. I've never had the dyspepsy since I began to speculate. It exercises all the organs and keeps a man going like a steamboat."

Just then a bell was heard from within, and the stranger, thinking it the signal for dinner, precipitately withdrew.

THE BIBLE AND HOMER.*

PARALLEL BETWEEN THE BIBLE AND HOMER.

Terms of Comparison.—So much has been written on the Bible, it has been so repeatedly commented upon, that the only method perhaps now left to produce a conviction of its beauties, is to compare it with the works of Homer. Consecrated by ages, these poems have received from time a species of sanctity which justifies the parallel, and obviates every idea of profanation. If Jacob and Nestor be not of the same family, both at least, belong to the early ages of the world, and you feel that it is but a step from the palace of Pylos to the tents of Ishmael.

In what respect the Bible is more beautiful than Homer; what resemblances and what differences exist between it and the productions of that poet—such are the subjects which we purpose to examine in these chapters. Let us consider these two grand monuments, which stand like solitary columns at the entrance to the temple of Genius, and form its simple, its majestic peristyle.

In the first place, it is a curious spectacle to behold the competition of the two most ancient languages in the world, the languages in which Moses and Lycurgus published their laws, and David and Pindar chanted their hymns. The Hebrew, concise, energetic, with scarcely any inflexion in its verbs, expressing twenty shades of a thought by the mere apposition of a letter, proclaims the idiom of a people, who, by a remarkable combination, unite primitive simplicity with a profound knowledge of mankind.

The Greek, probably formed from the Hebrew, (as may be reasonably conjectured from its roots and its ancient alphabet,) displays in its intricate conjugations, in its endless inflections, in its diffuse eloquence, a nation of an imitative and social genius: a nation elegant and vain, fond of melody and prodigal of words.

Would the Hebrew compose a verb? he needs but know the three radical letters which form the third person singular in the preterite. He then has at once all the tenses and all the moods, by introducing certain *servile* letters before, after, or between those three radical letters.

The Greek meets with much greater embarrassments. He is obliged to consider the *characteristic*, the *termination*, the *augment*, and the *penultima* of certain *persons* in the *tenses* of the verbs; things the more difficult to be discovered, as the characteristic is lost, transposed or takes up an unknown letter, according to the very letter before which it happens to be placed.

These two conjugations, Hebrew and Greek, the one so simple and so short, the other so compounded and so prolix, seem to bear the stamp of the genius and manners of the people by whom they were respectively formed; the first retraces the conciseness of the patriarch who goes alone to visit his neighbor at the well of the palm tree; the latter reminds you of the prolixity

of the Pelasian on his first appearance at the door of his host.

If you take at random any Greek or Hebrew substantive, you will be still better able to discover the genius of the two languages. *Nesher*, in Hebrew, signifies an *eagle*; it is derived from the verb *shur*, to *contemplate*, because the eagle steadfastly gazes at the sun.

The Greek for *eagle*, is *ἄετος*, *rapid flight*.

The children of Israel were struck with what is most sublime in the eagle: they beheld him motionless on the mountain rock watching the orb of day on his return.

The Athenians perceived only the impetuous flight of the bird, and all that motion which harmonized with the peculiar motion of their own thoughts. Such are precisely those images of *sun*, of *fire*, of *mountains*, so frequently employed in the Bible, and those allusions to *sounds*, to *courses*, to *passages*, which so repeatedly occur in Homer.

Our terms of comparison will be:—Simplicity; Antiquity of Manners; the Narrative; the Description; the Comparisons or images; the Sublime. Let us examine the first of these terms.

1. *Simplicity*. The simplicity of the Bible is more concise and more solemn; the simplicity of Homer more diffuse and more lively.

The former is sententious and employs the same locutions to express new ideas.

The latter is fond of expatiating, and often repeats in the same phrases what has been said before.

The simplicity of Scripture is that of an ancient priest, who imbued with all the sciences, human and divine, pronounces from the recess of the sanctuary the precise oracles of wisdom.

The simplicity of the poet of Chios is that of an aged traveler, who, beside the hearth of his host, relates all that he has learned in the course of a long and chequered life.

2. *Antiquity of Manners*. The sons of the shepherds of the east tend flocks like the sons of the king of Ilium. But if Paris returns to Troy, it is to reside in a palace among slaves and luxuries.

A tent, a frugal table, rustic attendants—such is all that Jacob's children have to expect at their father's.

No sooner does a visitor arrive at the habitation of a prince in Homer, than the women, and sometimes even the king's daughter herself, leads the stranger to the bath. He is anointed with perfumes, water is brought him in ewers of gold and silver, he is invested with a purple mantle, conducted to the festive hall, and seated in a beautiful chair of ivory, raised upon a step of curious workmanship. Slaves mingle wine and water in goblets, and present the gifts of Ceres in a basket; the master of the house helps him to the juicy back of the victim, of which he gives him five times as large a share as that of the others. The greatest cheerfulness prevails during the repast, and plenty soon appeases hunger. When they have finished eating, the *stranger* is requested to relate his history. At length, when he is about to depart, rich presents are

* Concluded from p. 336.

made him, let his appearance at first have been ever so mean; for it is supposed that he is either a god who comes thus disguised to surprise the heart of kings, or at least an unfortunate man, and consequently a favorite of Jupiter.

Beneath the tent of Abraham the reception is different. The patriarch himself goes forth to meet his guest; he salutes him and then pays his adorations to God. The sons lead away the camels and the daughters fetch them water to drink. The feet of the *traveler* are washed; he seats himself on the ground, and partakes in silence of the repast of hospitality. No inquiries are made concerning his history: no questions are asked him; he stays or pursues his journey as he pleases. At his departure, a covenant is made with him, and a stone is erected as a memorial of the treaty. This simple altar is designed to inform future ages, that two men of ancient times, chanced to meet in the road of life, and that after having behaved to one another like two brothers, they parted never to come together again, and to interpose vast regions between their graves.

Take notice that the unknown guest is a *stranger* with Homer and a *traveler* in the Bible. What different views of humanity! The Greek implies merely a political and local idea, where the Hebrew conveys a moral and universal sentiment.

In Homer, all civil transactions take place with pomp and parade; a judge seated in the midst of the public place, pronounces his sentences with a loud voice; Nestor on the seashore, presides at sacrifices or harangues the people. Nuptial rites are accompanied with torches, epithalamiums, and garlands suspended from the doors; an army, a whole nation attends the funeral of a king; an oath is taken in the name of the Furies, with dreadful imprecations.

Jacob, under a palm tree, at the entrance of his tent, administers justice to his shepherds. "Put thy hand under my thigh," said the aged Abraham to his servant, "and swear to go into Mesopotamia." Two words are sufficient to conclude a marriage by the side of a fountain. The servant conducts the bride to the son of his master, or the master's son engages to tend the flocks of his father-in-law for seven years in order to obtain his daughter. A patriarch is carried by his sons after his death to the sepulchre of his ancestors, in the field of Ephron. The manners are of higher antiquity than those delineated by Homer, because they are more simple; they have also a tranquility and a solemnity not to be found in the former.

3. *The Narrative.* The narrative of Homer is interrupted by digressions, harangues, descriptions of vessels, garments, arms and sceptres, by genealogies of men and things. Proper names are always surcharged with epithets; a hero seldom fails to be *divine, like the immortals, or honored by the nations as a god*. A princess is sure to have *handsome arms*; her shape always resembles the *trunk of the palm tree of Delos*, and she owes her locks to the *youngest of the graces*.

The narrative of the Bible is rapid, without digression, without circumlocution; it is broken into short

sentences, and the persons are named without flattery. These names are incessantly recurring, and the pronoun is scarcely ever used instead of them; a circumstance which, added to the frequent repetition of the conjunction *and*, indicates by this extraordinary simplicity, a society much nearer to the state of nature, than that sung by Homer. All the selfish passions are awakened in the characters of the *Odyssey*; whereas they are dormant in those of *Genesis*.

4. *The Description.* The descriptions of Homer are prolix, whether they be of the pathetic or terrible character, melancholy or cheerful, energetic or sublime.

The Bible, in all its different species of descriptions, gives in general but one single trait; but this trait is striking and distinctly exhibits the object to our view.

5. *The Comparisons.* The comparisons of Homer are lengthened out by relative circumstances; they are little pictures hung round an edifice to refresh the eye fatigued with the elevation of the domes by calling it to natural scenery and rural manners.

The comparisons of the Bible are almost all given in few words: a lion, a torrent, a storm, a conflagration, roars, falls, ravages, consumes. It is, however, no stranger to mere circumstantial smiles, but then it adopts an oriental turn and suddenly personifies the object, as height in the cedar, &c.

6. *The Sublime.* Finally the sublime in Homer commonly arises from the general combination of the parts, and arrives by degrees at its acme.

In the Bible it is always unexpected; it bursts upon you like lightning, and you are left wounded by the thunderbolt, before you know how you were struck by it.

In Homer again, the sublime consists in the magnificence of the words harmonizing with that of the ideas.

In the Bible, on the contrary, the highest degree of sublimity always proceeds from a vast discordance between the majesty of the ideas, and the littleness of the word that expresses it.

Human language sinks beneath the weight of heavenly objects. This species of sublime, the most impetuous of all, is admirably adapted to an immense and awful being, allied at once to the greatest and the most trivial objects.

Examples. A few examples will now complete the development of our parallel. We shall reverse the order which we before pursued, that is, we shall begin with addresses, from which short and detached passages may be quoted, (such as the *sublime* and *similes*), and conclude with the *simplicity and antiquity of manners*.

There is a passage remarkably sublime in the *Iliad*; it is that which represents Achilles, after the death of Patroclus, appearing unarmed at the entrenchments of the Greeks, and striking terror into the Trojan battalions by his shouts.* The golden cloud which encircles the brows of Pelides, the flame which plays upon his head, the comparison of this flame with a fire kindled

* *Iliad*, lib. xviii, v. 204.

at night on the top of a besieged tower, the three shouts of Achilles which thrice throw the Trojan army into confusion: form altogether that Homeric sublime which, as we have observed, is composed of the combination of several beautiful incidents with magnificence of words.

Here is a very different species of the sublime; it is the movement of the ode in its highest enthusiasm.

"A prophecy against the valley of vision. Wherefore dost thou thus ascend in crowds to the house-tops.

"City full of tumult, city full of inhabitants, triumphant city? Thy children are slain, and they have not died by the sword, neither have they fallen in battle.

"The Lord shall crown you with a crown of affliction. He shall throw you like a ball into a wide and spacious field, there shall ye die, and to this shall the chariot of your glory be reduced."*

Into what unknown world doth the prophet all at once transport you? Who is it that speaks, and to whom are these words addressed? Movement follows upon movement, and each verse produces greater astonishment than that which precedes it. The city is no longer an assemblage of edifices; it is a female, or rather a mysterious character, for the sex is not specified. This person is represented *going to the house-tops to mourn*; the prophet sharing her agitation, asks in the singular, *wherefore dost thou ascend*, and he adds, *in crowds*, in the collective. He shall throw you *like a ball into a spacious field*, and *to this shall the chariot of your glory be reduced*. Here are combinations of words, and a poetry truly extraordinary.

Homer has a thousand sublime ways of characterizing a violent death; but the Scripture has surpassed them all in this single expression: "*The first-born of death shall devour his strength.*"†

The *first-born of death*, to imply the most cruel death, is one of those metaphors which are to be found no where but in the Bible. We cannot conceive whither the human mind has been in quest of this; all the paths that lead to this species of the sublime are unexplored and unknown.

It is thus also that the Scriptures term death, *the king of terrors*;‡ and thus too they say of the wicked, *they conceive mischief, and bring forth iniquity.*||

When the same Job would excite a high idea of the greatness of God, he exclaims:—*hell is naked before him*§—*he withholdeth the waters in the clouds*¶—*he taketh the scarf from kings, and girdeth their loins with a cord.***

The soothsayer, Theoclimenus, is struck, while partaking of the banquet of Penelope, with the sinister omens by which the suitors are threatened. He addresses them in this apostrophe:

O race to death devote! with Styg'an shade
Each destin'd peer impending fate invade:
With tears your wan, distorted cheeks are drown'd;
With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts,
To people Orcus and the burning coasts!

* Isaiah xxii, 1, 2, 18. † Job xviii, 13. ‡ Ibid. v, 14.
|| Ibid. xv, 35. § Ibid. xxvi, 6. ¶ Ibid. xii, 15.
** Ibid. xii, 18.

Nor gives the sun his golden orb to roll,
But universal night usurps the pole!*

Awful as this sublime may be, still it is inferior in this respect to the vision of Eliphaz in the book of Job.

"In the horror of a night vision, when the deepest sleep falleth upon men,

"Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

"*A spirit passed before my face, and the hair of my flesh stood up with horror.*

"It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. A spectre appeared before mine eyes, and I heard a voice like a low whisper."†

Here we have much less blood, less darkness, and fewer apparitions, than in Homer; but this *form that could not be discerned*, and this *low whisper*, are, in fact, much more awful.

As to that species of the sublime which results from the collision of a great idea and a little image, we shall presently see a fine example of it when we come to treat of comparisons.

If the bard of Ilium represents a youth slain by the javelin of Menelaus, he compares him to a young olive tree covered with flowers, planted in an orchard, screened from the intense heat of the sun, amid dew and zephyrs; but suddenly overthrown by an impetuous wind upon its native soil, it falls on the brink of the nutritive waters that conveyed the sap to its roots. Such is the long simile of Homer, with its elegant and charming details:

As the young olive in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head in snowy flow'rets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lies uprooted from its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.‡

The Bible, instead of all this, has but a single trait: "The wicked," it says, "shall wither like the tender vine, like the olive tree which sheddeth its flowers."||

"The earth," exclaims Isaiah, "shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a tent set up for a single night."§

Here is the sublime in contrast. At the words, *it shall be removed*, the mind remains suspended, and expects some great comparison, when the prophet adds, *like a tent set up for a single night*. You behold the earth, which to us appears so vast, spread out in the air, and then carried away with ease by the mighty God by whom it was extended, and with whom the duration of ages is scarcely as a rapid night.

Of the second species of comparison which we have ascribed to the Bible, that is, the *long simile*, we meet with the following instance in Job:

"You should see the wicked bathed with dew before

* Pope's Homer's Odys., book xx, v. 423—430.

† Job iv, 13—16. The words in italics show the places in which we differ from Sacy. He translates: *A spirit appeared before me, and the hair of my head stood erect*. The superior energy of the Hebrew is sufficiently obvious.

‡ Iliad, lib. xvii, v. 55, 56. || Job xv, 33. § Is. xxiv, 20.

the rising of the sun, and his stem flourishing in his garden. His roots multiply in a heap of stones and grow strong there; if he be snatched from his place, the very place where he stood shall deny him, and say: I never saw thee."*

How admirable is this simile, or rather, this prolonged metaphor! Thus, the wicked are denied by those sterile hearts, by those *heaps of stones*, in which, during their guilty prosperity they foolishly struck root. Those flints which all at once acquire the faculty of speech, exhibit a species of personification, almost unknown to the Ionian bard.†

Ezekiel, prophesying the destruction of Tyre, exclaims: "The ships shall tremble, now that thou art seized with dread; and the isle shall be affrighted in the sea, when they see that no man cometh out of the gates."

Can any thing be more awful and more impressive than this image? You behold in imagination that city once so flourishing and so populous, still standing with all her towers and all her edifices, but not a living creature traversing her desert streets, or passing through her solitary gates.

Let us proceed to examples of the narrative kind, and we shall find a rare combination of *sentiment, description, imagery, simplicity, and antiquity of manners.*

The most celebrated passages, the most striking and most admired traits in Homer, occur almost word for word in the Bible, but here they invariably possess an incontestible superiority.

Ulysses is seated at the festive board of King Alcinous, while Demodocus sings the Trojan war and the misfortunes of the Greeks.

Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd,
To soft affliction, all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the music paus'd he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.
Transported with the song, the list'ning train
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses vail'd his pensive head,
Again unman'd, a shower of sorrow shed.‡

Beauties of this nature, have from age to age, secured to Homer the first place among the greatest geniuses. It reflects no disgrace on his memory that he has been surpassed in such pictures, by men who wrote under the immediate inspiration of Heaven. But vanquished he certainly is, and in such a manner as to leave criticism no possible subterfuge.

Those who sold Joseph into Egypt, the own brothers of that powerful man, return to him without knowing who he is, and bring young Benjamin with him according to his desire.

"Joseph saluted them courteously, and asked them: Is your father, the old man of whom ye spake, yet alive? Is he well?"

"And they answered: Thy servant, our father, is yet alive and in good health; and they bowed down their heads and made obeisance.

"Joseph, lifting up his eyes, saw his brother Benjamin, the son of Rachel his mother, and said to them: Is this your youngest brother, of whom ye spake unto me? My son, added he, may God be ever gracious to thee!

"And he hastily withdrew, because his bowels yearned when he beheld his brother, and *because he could no longer contain his tears*; retiring, therefore, to another chamber, *he wept*.

"And after *he had washed his face*, he returned, and constraining, commanded his servants to bring something to eat."*

Here are Joseph's tears in opposition to those of Ulysses; here are beauties of the very same kind, and yet what a difference in pathos! Joseph weeping at the sight of his ungrateful brethren, and of the young and innocent Benjamin; this manner of inquiring concerning his father; this adorable simplicity; this mixture of grief and kindness, are things wholly ineffable; the tears naturally start into your eyes, and you are ready to weep like Joseph.

Ulysses, disguised in the house of Eumæus, reveals himself to Telemachus; he leaves the habitation of the herdsman, strips off his rags, and restored to his beauty by a touch of Minerva's wand, he returns magnificently attired.

—————The prince o'eraw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes and bows as to a god.
Then with surprise (surprise chastis'd by fears)
How art thou chang'd, he cries, a god appears!
Far other vests thy limbs majestic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If heaven be thy abode, with pious care,
Lo! I the ready sacrifice prepare:
Lo! gifts of labor'd gold adorn thy shrine,
To win thy grace: O save us, power divine.
Few are my days, Ulysses made reply,
Nor I, alas! descendant of the sky.
I am thy father. O my son! my son!
That father for whose sake thy days have run
One scene of woe; to endless cares consign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of base mankind.
Then rushing to his arms, he kiss'd his boy
With the strong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew,
He strain'd him close, as to his breast he grew.‡

We shall recur to this interview, but let us first turn to that between Joseph and his brethren.

Joseph, after a cup has been secretly introduced by his direction into Benjamin's sack, orders the sons of Jacob to be stopped. The latter are thunder-struck; Joseph affects an intention to detain the culprit; Judah offers himself as an hostage for Benjamin; he relates to Joseph that, before their departure for Egypt, Jacob had said to them:

"Ye know that Rachel, my wife, bare me two sons.
"And the one went out from me; ye told me that a wild beast devoured him, and I have not seen him since:

* Job viii, 16—18.

† Homer has, however, represented the shore of the Hellespont as weeping.

‡ Pope's Homer's Odyss. b. viii, v. 79—90.

* Genesis xlviii, 26—31.

† Pope's Homer's Odyssey, book xvi, v. 194—213.

"And if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him by the way, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"Then Joseph could no longer refrain himself, and being surrounded by several persons, he cried: Cause every man to go out from me, that no stranger might be present while he made himself known to his brethren.

"Then the tears falling from his eyes, he raised his voice, which was heard by the Egyptians and the whole house of Pharaoh.

"And he said unto his brethren: I AM JOSEPH; doth my father yet live? But his brethren could not answer him, so great was their consternation.

"And he spake kindly to them and said: Come near to me, I pray you: and they came near, and he added: I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt.

"Be of good cheer. It was not by your counsel that I was sent hither, but by the will of God. Now haste you and fetch my father.

"And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept, and Benjamin wept also as he held him in his embrace.

"Moreover, he kissed all his brethren, and wept over each of them."*

We find this history in the volume which forms the ground-work of that religion so despised by sophists and free-thinkers, and which would have a just right to return contempt with contempt, were not charity its essence. Let us examine in what respects the interview between Joseph and his brethren surpasses the discovery of Ulysses to Telemachus.

Homer, in our opinion, has, in the first place, fallen into a great error in employing the *marvelous* in his picture. In dramatic scenes, when the passions are agitated, and all the miracles ought to emanate from the soul, the intervention of a divinity imparts coldness to the action, gives to the sentiment the air of a fable, and discloses the falsehood of the poet where we expected to meet with nothing but truth. Ulysses, making himself known in his rags by some natural mark, would have been much more pathetic. Of this Homer was himself aware, since the king of Ithaca was revealed to Euryclea, his nurse, by an ancient scar, and to Laertes by the little circumstance of the pear trees which the good old man had given him when a child. We love to find that the heart of the *destroyer of cities* is formed like those of other men, and that the simple affections constitute its base.

The discovery is much more ably conducted in Genesis. By an artifice perfectly fraternal, and in the most harmless revenge, a cup is put into the sack of the young and innocent Benjamin; the guilty brethren are overwhelmed with grief, when they figure to themselves the affliction of their aged father; and the image of Jacob's sorrow taking the heart of Joseph by surprise, obliges him to discover himself sooner than he had intended. As to the pathetic words: *I am Joseph*—every body knows that they drew tears of admiration from Vol-

taire himself. Ulysses found in Telemachus a dutiful and affectionate son. Joseph is speaking to his brethren who *had sold him*; he does not say to them, *I am your brother*, but merely, *I am Joseph*, and this name awakens all their feelings. Like Telemachus, they are deeply agitated, but it is not the majesty of Pharaoh's minister, 'tis something within their own consciences that occasions their consternation. He desires them *to come near to him*: for he raised his voice to such a pitch as to be heard by the whole house of Pharaoh, when he said *I am Joseph*; his brethren alone are to hear the explanation, which he adds in a *low tone*: *I am Joseph, YOUR BROTHER, WHOM YE SOLD INTO EGYPT*. Here are simplicity and generosity carried to the highest degree.

Let us not forget to remark with what kindness Joseph cheers his brethren, and the excuses which he makes for them, when he says, that so far from having injured him, they are, on the contrary, the cause of his elevation. The Scripture never fails to introduce Providence in the perspective of its pictures. The great counsel of God, which governs all human affairs, at the moment when they seem to be most subservient to the passions of men and the laws of chance, wonderfully surprises the mind. We love the idea of that hand concealed in the cloud, which is incessantly engaged with men; we love to imagine ourselves something in the plans of infinite Wisdom, and to feel that this transitory life is a pattern of eternity.

With God every thing is great, without God every thing is little: this extends even to the sentiments. Suppose all the circumstances in Joseph's story to happen as they are recorded in Genesis: admit the son of Jacob to be as kind, as tender, as he is represented, but let him be a *philosopher*, and instead of telling his brethren, *I am here by the will of the Lord*, let him say, *fortune has favoured me*, the objects are instantly diminished; the circle becomes contracted, and the pathos is vanished, together with the tears.

Finally, Joseph kisses his brethren as Ulysses embraces Telemachus, but he begins with Benjamin. A modern author would not have failed to represent him falling in preference upon the neck of the most guilty of the brothers, that his hero might be a genuine tragedy character. The Bible, more intimately acquainted with the human heart, knew better how to appreciate that exaggeration of sentiment, by which a man always appears to be striving to perform or to say what he considers something extraordinary. Homer's comparison of the sobs of Telemachus and Ulysses with the cries of an eagle and her young, had, in our opinion, been better omitted in this place. *And he fell upon Benjamin's neck, and kissed him and wept; and Benjamin wept also as he held him in his embrace*. Such is the only magnificence of style adapted to such occasions.

We might select from Scripture other narratives equally excellent with the history of Joseph; but the reader himself may easily compare them with passages in Homer. Let him take, for instance, the story of Ruth, and the reception of Ulysses by Eumæus. The

* Genesis xlv, and xlv.

book of Tobit displays a striking resemblance to several scenes of the Iliad and Odyssey: Priam is conducted by Mercury in the form of a handsome youth, as Tobias is accompanied by an angel in the like disguise.

The Bible is particularly remarkable for certain modes of expression, far more pathetic, as we think, than all the poetry of Homer. When the latter would delineate old age, he says:

Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienc'd Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd;
Two generations now had pass'd away,
Wise by his rules and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.

This passage possesses the highest charms of antiquity, as well as the softest melody. The second verse with the repetitions of the letter L, imitates the sweetness of honey, and the pathetic eloquence of an old man:

Τὴ καὶ ἀπο γλασσης μελῖτος γλυκίων ῥέν αὐδῆ.

Pharaoh, having asked Jacob his age, the patriarch replies:

"The years of my pilgrimage are one hundred and thirty: few and evil have the days of my life been, and they have not attained unto those of my fathers."*

Here are two very different kinds of antiquity: the one lies in the image, the other in the sentiments; the one excites pleasing ideas, the other melancholy; the one, representing the chief of a nation, exhibits the old man only in relation to a certain condition of life; the other considers him individually and exclusively; Homer leads us to reflect rather upon men in general, and the Bible upon the particular person.

Homer frequently touched upon connubial joys, but has he produced any thing like the following?

"Isaac brought Rebecca into the tent of Sarah, his mother, and he took her to wife, and he loved her so much that the grief which he had felt for his mother's death was assuaged."†

We shall conclude this parallel, and the whole subject of Christian poetics, with an essay which will show at once the difference that exists between the style of the Bible and that of Homer; we shall take a passage from the former and paint it in colors borrowed from the latter. Ruth thus addresses Naomi:

"Be not against me, and force me not to leave thee and to go my way: for whither thou goest, I will go with thee. Where thou diest, I will die; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."‡

Let us endeavor to render this verse in the language of Homer.

The fair Ruth thus replies to the wise Naomi, honored by the people as a goddess: "Cease to oppose the determination with which a divinity inspires me: I will tell thee the truth, just as it is, and without disguise. I will remain with thee, whether thou shalt continue to reside among the Moabites, so dexterous in throwing the javelin, or shalt return to Judea, so fertile in olives.

With thee I will demand hospitality of the nations who respect the suppliant. Our ashes shall be mingled in the same urn, and I will offer agreeable sacrifices to the God who incessantly accompanies thee.

"She said: and as, when the vehement south wind brings a cool refreshing rain, the husbandmen prepare the wheat and the barley, and make baskets of rushes nicely interwoven; for they foresee that the falling shower will soften the soil and render it fit for receiving the precious gifts of Ceres: so the words of Ruth, like the fertilizing drops, melted the whole heart of Naomi."

Such, perhaps, as closely as our feeble talents allow us to imitate Homer, is a shadow of the style of that immortal genius. But has not the verse of Ruth, thus amplified, lost the original charm which it possesses in the Scripture? What poetry can ever be equivalent to this single stroke of eloquence, *Populus tuus populus meus, Deus tuus Deus meus*. It will now be easy to take a passage of Homer, to efface the colors, and to leave nothing but the ground-work, after the manner of the Bible.

We have thus endeavored, to the best of our limited abilities, to make our readers acquainted with some of the innumerable beauties of the sacred Scriptures. Truly happy shall we be, if we have succeeded in exciting within them an admiration of that grand and sublime corner-stone which supports the whole Church of Jesus Christ!

"If the Scripture," says St. Gregory the Great, "comprehends mysteries capable of perplexing the most enlightened understandings, it also contains simple truths fit for the nourishment of the humble and the illiterate; it carries externally wherewith to suckle infants, and in its most secret recesses wherewith to fill the most sublime geniuses with admiration: like a river whose current is so shallow in certain parts that a lamb may cross it, and deep enough in others for an elephant to swim there." F. A. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

* Genesis xlvii, 9. † Ibid. xxiv, 67. ‡ Ruth i, 16.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

As the importance of education becomes more and more appreciated by the people, the difficulty of obtaining well qualified teachers, is proportionably realized. Foreigners may be profoundly learned, or highly accomplished, but the political and moral idioms of our republic are to be studied, and the mind in some measure weaned from established trains of thought, ere it can assimilate with those whom it is expected to modify. The inhabitants of different sections of our own Union, must submit in some degree to the same subjugating process. The northern youth, who engages in the business of instruction at the sunny south, perceives a necessity of conforming to new usages, ere he can be in harmony with those around. Even natives of different portions of the same State, must take pains to adapt themselves to the new neighborhood, or family where they are to operate, if they would hope their efforts to be attended with full success.

Is it understood, that in every family of brothers and sisters, there is a teacher whom it is not necessary to naturalize as a foreigner?—or as a stranger to incite to sympathy? While she aids intellectual progress, her influence on the disposition and manners—her moral and religious suasion, are still more visible and enduring. She enjoys and reciprocates the love of those who receive her lessons. Year after year, she continues her ministrations.

It will be evident, that I speak of the eldest daughter. Her sympathy with her pupils must doubtless be greater than that of other teachers. They are her bone, and her flesh. They come to her with more freedom than even to the parent; so that the extent of her sway it is not easy either to limit or to compute.

Many excellent elder daughters has it been my good fortune to know, who realized their responsibility to the Great Teacher, and were filled with tenderness to the mother, whose mission they partook, and to the dear ones who looked to them for an example. I think, at this moment, of one who was the light and life of a large circle of little ones. They hung on the lineaments of her sweet countenance, and imbibed joy. From her lovely, winning manners, they fashioned their own. If temporary sadness stole over them, she knew the approach to their hearts, and her sweet music, and sweeter words, cheered them back to happiness.—If there were among them exuberance of mirth, or symptoms of lawlessness, or indications of discord, she clothed herself with the temporary dignity of the parent, and prevailed. When

sickness was among them, no eye, save that of the mother, could so long hold waking as hers. No other arm was so tireless in sustaining the helpless form, or the weary head. The infant seemed to have two mothers, and to be in doubt which most to love. Often, in gazing on her radiant countenance, I said mentally—"what a preparation are you giving yourself for your own future duties. Happy the man, who shall be permitted to appropriate to himself such a treasure." Still, at her joyous bridal, there was sorrow;—the tears of the little sisters.—They clasped her in their tiny arms—they would scarcely be persuaded to resign her.—After they had retired to rest, they were heard lamenting, "who now will sing us songs when we are sad? and teach us such plays as made us wiser and better? Now, when we tear our frocks, who will help us to mend them? and when we are naughty, who will bring us back to goodness?"

I have seen another elder daughter, to whose sole care, a feeble mother committed one of her little ones. With what warm gratitude, with what a sublime purpose, did she accept the sacred gift. She opened her young heart to the new occupant. She took the babe to her room—she lulled it to sleep on her bosom—it shared her couch. Soon its lisping tones mingled with her supplications. She fed the unfolding mind with the gentlest dews of piety—"the small rain upon the tender herb." From her it learned to love the Bible, the Sabbath, the kind pastor—to seek for true penitence, and perseverance in the path that leads to heaven. In the arms of that eldest sister, its soul was rendered up. But not until it had given proof, for a few years of happy childhood, that it was one of the lambs of the Saviour's flock. Afterwards I saw that same eldest daughter, in a family of her own. To heighten the happiness, and elevate the character of those around her, were her objects. And she knew how, for she had learned before. Thorough experience in the culture of the disinterested affections, gave an immense vantage ground, for the new duties of wife and mother. They were performed with ease to herself, and were beautiful in the eyes of observers. The children of others were entrusted to her husband to be educated, and she became a mother to them.—And I could not but bless the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that the hallowed influences to which that eldest daughter had given such exercise under the parental roof, might now go forth into the bosom of strangers, take root in distant homes; and perhaps, in another hemisphere, or in an unborn age, bring forth the fruits of immortality.

The assistance which may be afforded to parents, by the eldest daughter, is invaluable.—

What other hand could so effectually aid them, in the great work of training up their children to usefulness and piety? Filial gratitude is among the noblest motives to this enterprise. Many young ladies have been thus actuated to become the instructors in different branches, of their brothers and sisters; or regularly to study their lessons with them, and hear them recite, ere they went to their stated teachers; or to assume the whole charge of their classical instruction. I was acquainted with an elder sister, who every morning, when the younger children were about to depart to their separate schools, took them into a room by themselves, and imparted most kindly and seriously, such advice, admonition or encouragement, as had a visible effect on their moral conduct, in enabling them both to resist temptation, and to be steadfast in truth and goodness.

But I have been much affected with the history of one, who amid circumstances of peculiar trial, was not only to those younger than herself, but to her parents, and especially to her widowed and sorrowing father, as a guardian angel. It is more than a century since Egede, a native of Norway, moved with pity for the benighted Greenlanders, left a pleasant abode, and an affectionate flock, to become their missionary. His wife and four young children accompanied him. Their privations, and hardships, it is difficult either to describe or to imagine, amid an ignorant, degraded people, and in that terrible climate, where rayless darkness is superadded to the bitter frosts of winter, so that it is necessary to shrink into subterranean cells, and feed incessantly the train-oil lamp, lest the spark of life should be extinguished.

Little Ulrica saw her mother continually sustaining and cheering her father, amid labors which long seemed to be without hope. She heard her read to him, by the glimmering never-dying lamp, from the few books they had brought from their father-land. She observed how cheerfully she denied herself, for the sake of others, and with what a sweet smile she discharged her daily duties. She perceived that light and warmth might be kept within the soul, while all around was dark and desolate, and gave her young heart to the God from whom such gifts proceeded.

When the sun, after long absence, once more appeared over the icy wastes, glorious, as if new created, and in a few moments sank again beneath the horizon, the missionary and his wife sometimes climbed the high rocks, to meet the herald beams, and to welcome their first, brief visit. Ulrica, following in their footsteps, with the children, earnestly incited them to love and revere the Great Being, who called forth that wondrous orb with a word, and sent him on errands of mercy to the earth, and to the children of men. And when the light of a summer whose sun never set, was around them, and the few juniper and birch-trees gleamed out into sudden foliage, and the reindeer browsed among the mosses, and the long

day which knew no evening, fell upon the senses with a sort of oppressive brightness, she sometimes led her little sister to the shore of the solemn sea, and raising her in her arms, as some far-seen iceberg towered along in awful majesty, bade her to fear and obey the God who ruleth the mighty deep, and all that is therein.

The mother was the teacher of her children. Especially, during the long solitude of the Greenland winters, was it her business and pleasure to form their minds, and to fortify them against ignorance and evil. Ulrica drank the deepest of this lore. Often while the younger ones slept, did she listen delighted to the legends of other days, and bow herself to the spirit of that blessed Book, which speaks of a clime where there is no sterility, or tempest, or tear. When the father, accompanied by the son, older than herself, was abroad in the duties of his vocation, among the miserable inhabitants of the squalid cabins, Ulrica sat at the feet of her mother, sole auditor, surrendering to her, her whole heart. But what she learned was treasured for the little brother and sister. Every lesson was carefully pondered, and broken into fragments, for their weaker comprehension. She dealt out to them, daily portions of knowledge, as the bread from heaven. She poured it out warily, like water in the wilderness, bidding them "drink and live."

It was the spring of 1733, that the poor Greenlanders were visited by a wasting epidemic. The small pox broke out among them, with a fury which none could withstand. Egede assuming the benevolent office of physician, was continually among them. He gave medicines to the infected, and night and day, besought the dying to look unto the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."— Dwelling after dwelling was left empty and desolate, and the population always thin, in that sterile clime, melted away, as snow before the vernal sun. Orphans fled to their pastor for shelter, and the sick to be nursed and healed. Every part of his house was a hospital, where the sufferers lay thickly, side by side. Some, who had been his open enemies, and coarsely reviled his counsels, were there, in frightful agonies, so bloated and disfigured as scarcely to retain a vestige of humanity.— One of them, when recovering, came to him, with a penitent and broken spirit, confessing the worth of that religion which could enable him thus to bless his persecutors.

Through this fearful calamity, which lasted for many months, the wife of Egede, with her children, patiently and kindly tended the sick, who thronged their habitation. But when the judgment was withdrawn, and health revisited the invalids, and among the diminished number of survivors, were indications of that religious sensibility which more than repaid all her toils, she herself became the victim of sudden decline. "Death has come for me," she said to her husband. "In the cold cup which he presses to my lips, there is no bitterness, save that I must leave you, while your desires

for the conversion of our people are unaccomplished." To Ulrica, her constant nurse, tireless both night and day, she committed the younger children, towards whom she had so long evinced a sweet combination of sisterly and maternal care. She heard these little ones wailing around her bed, and comforted them with the hope, wherewith she was herself comforted of God. She dictated messages of holy love, to her eldest son, who pursuing his theological studies in Denmark, she must no more embrace on earth. And so, in that lone Greenland hut, she met the last enemy, and with the gasp and struggle, mingled a hymn of victory and praise.

Around her grave, there stood only the lone missionary and his three children. He was borne down and bewildered by this terrible visitation. In all his forms of adversity, and they had been many, it did not appear to have entered his imagination, that the beautiful being, so much younger than himself, so firm in health, so fresh in spirit, who from early youth had been to him, as another soul of strength and hope, should be taken, and he left alone. Then it was, that Ulrica realized, that her sacred charge comprised not only the motherless children, but the sorrowing parent. Asking strength from above, to tread in the footsteps of her sainted mother, she came forward, and gave her arm firmly to the bereaved man, who, like a reed shaken by the blast, wavered to and fro, on the verge of the yawning, uncovered grave, where lay the lifeless form of his idolized companion. It was most touching to see the fragile nature of a beautiful young girl, gird itself both to shelter the blossom and to prop the tree which the lightning had scathed.

Suppressing her own grief, she taxed every energy to soothe and comfort her father. Strongly resembling her mother, in person, she had the same clear, blue eye, the same profuse flaxen hair, the same mild, yet resolved cast of features. So much like hers, also, were the sweet, inspiring tones of her voice, that the poor bereaved sometimes started from his reverie, with a wild hope, that sank but in deeper dejection. Hourly, it was her study to minister to his comfort. Carefully did she provide his raiment, and when he went forth, so wrap his furs about him, as to defend him from the cold, for he seemed less assiduous than formerly to guard his own health and life. She spread his humble board as her mother had been accustomed to spread it; but often, when she urged him to take refreshment, he was as one who heard not, and bowed himself down to pray. Then she knelt softly by his side, and her supplications ascended with those of the deeply-stricken soul. He would sit for hours, in silence, with his head resting upon his bosom, or during their long, long evening, gaze motionless on the seat, which his best beloved had so long occupied. Amazed at the weight, and endurance of his grief, the younger children, who often strove to wait on and

cheer him, as they had seen their mother do, sobbed forth their sorrows, as if they anew bade her farewell. But Ulrica never faltered, was never discouraged, though her heart was pierced at his despair.

One morning, her voice sounded in his ear, like that of an angel: "Dear father! dear father! your son is here!"—And the next moment, the young missionary, Paul Egede, rushed into his arms. He had returned from Europe, his education completed, to share in the labors of his father. Scarcely had he embraced his sisters, ere the bereaved parent said:—"Come forth, my son, and see the grave of your mother. Let me hear you pray there." The re-union with his first born, and the tender assiduities of Ulrica, aided by the blessing of heaven, began to lift up his broken spirit. He employed himself in his parochial duties, particularly in translating into the rude dialect of Greenland, simple treatises, and catechisms, which he circulated as widely as possible among his people. He accepted with kindness the attentions of his children, and spoke tenderly to them; but it was evident that he looked for consolation only towards heaven, and to the hope of meeting his kindred spirit, where they could be sundered no more.

Three years of his mournful widowhood had past, when a request came from the king of Denmark, that he would no longer exile himself, but return, and accept a professorship in a newly founded seminary for orphan students.

Infirm health admonished him that he could not much longer hope to resist the severity of a Greenland climate, and bidding an affectionate adieu to the people, among whom he had so painfully labored, and entrusting them to the care of his eldest son, Paul, he committed himself, with his three remaining children, to the tossing of the northern deep. What joyous wonder filled their young hearts, at the prospect of a country where was no long night, where the grain would have time to ripen, ere the frosts came, and where they might be able to live on the surface of the earth, the whole year.

A return to the blessings of civilization, the warm welcome of friends, and the rekindling of early, healthful associations, renewed the spirit of Egede, and gave him vigor for the duties that devolved upon him. Ulrica was in his path, as an ever-gliding sunbeam, while the pleasures of intellectual society, with the heightened advantages for educating her brother and sister, filled her heart with delighted gratitude, and added new radiance to her exceeding beauty. Her early history and peculiar virtues, excited the interest of all around, while the loveliness of her person and manners won many admirers. Yet she steadfastly resisted every allurements to quit her father, sensible that his enfeebled constitution required those attentions which she best knew how to bestow; and the holy light which beamed from her eyes, while thus devoting herself to

him, and to his children, revealed the exquisite happiness of disinterested virtue.

But it was not long ere Egede was convinced that the approaching infirmities of age demanded repose. He, therefore, retired to a lovely cottage in the island of Falster, separated from Zealand by only a narrow channel of the sea. There, amid the rural scenery which he loved, and in the faithful discharge of every remaining duty of benevolence and piety, he calmly awaited the summons to another life. Ulrica read to him that sacred Book which was his solace, for his failing sight was no longer equal to this office ; and no voice entered his ear so readily, and so much like a song-bird, as her own. With the help of her brother and sister, she cultivated a small garden, and it was touching to see them, in a dewy summer's morn, bearing his arm chair out among his favorite plants, and aiding his tottering steps to a seat among them. There, dignified and peaceful, like the patriarch beneath the oaks of Mamre, he communed with the works of God, or gave lessons of wisdom to his descendants. Every new shoot, each tendril that during the night had thrust further onward its little, clasping hand, were to him as living friends. The freshness of a perpetually renewed creation, seemed to enter into his aged heart, and preserve there somewhat of the lingering spirit of youth, while the clay tended downward towards the dust. When neither his staff, nor the arm of his children could longer support his drooping form, and he went no more forth, amid the works of nature, Ulrica brought her fairest flowers to his pillow, and duly dressed the vase on the table by his bed side, and his dim eyes blessed her. Thither, with slow and downy footstep, death stole, and Ulrica, overcoming the emotion that swept over her, like deep billows, girded herself to sing the hymn with which he had been wont to console the dying, and when his parting smile beamed forth, and the white lips, for the last time, murmured "*peace*," she pressed her trembling hand on his closing eyes, soothed the wild burst of grief of the wailing children, and kneeling down, in her orphan bitterness, commended them to that pitying Father, who never dies.

It was affecting to see her forgetting her own sorrow, when others were to be cheered or cared for, and attending with a clear mind to every duty, however minute ; but when there was no longer any thing for her to do, and her brother and sister had retired to their apartments, she leaned her beautiful head on the corpse of the old man, and wept as if the very fountains of her soul was broken up. She made the spot of his lowly slumber pleasant with summer foliage, and with the hardy evergreen. She planted the grassy mound with the enduring chamomile, which rises sweeter from the pressing foot or hand, and the aromatic thyme, which allures the singing bee. There, at the close of day, she went often with her brother and sister, enforcing the precepts of

that piety, which had led their beloved father through many trials, to rest with his dear Redeemer.

Once, as she returned from her mournful, yet sweet visit to the grave, she was met by Albert, the young, dark-eyed clergyman of a neighboring village, who drew her arm within his own. It would seem that his low, musical voice, alluded to a theme not unfamiliar to her ear.

"Ulrica, why should you impose a longer probation on my faithful love ? He, to whom you have been as an angel, is now with the spirits of just men made perfect. Dearest, let my home henceforth be yours, and this brother and sister mine !"

The trembling lustre of her full, blue eyes, met those of Albert in tenderness and trust.— His pleasant and secluded parsonage gained a treasure beyond tried gold ; for she, who as a daughter and sister, had so long been a model of disinterested goodness and piety, could not fail to sustain with dignity and beauty the hallowed relations of a wife and mother.

Original.
THE EVENING HOUR.

BY MRS. S. C. M'CABE.

"The few we liked—the one we loved—
A sacred band—come stealing on,
And many a form far hence removed,
And many a pleasure gone."

THE mind given to reflection finds this hour peculiarly interesting. Amidst the tumult of the world, and its numberless engrossments, there is little opportunity to enter the recesses of one's own heart. But when day, with its intrusive cares, is succeeded by the quiet and beauty of a cloudless evening, the hallowed influences of such an hour dispose the mind to pensive thought and profitable meditation.

There is a refreshing sweetness in the morning breeze, a beauty in the glittering dew drops. Every leaf and flower bespeak a Creator, and the rising sun, in its glorious resplendency, loudly calls on man to glorify his works. Yea, we can learn a lesson from almost every hour, season, and circumstance of life; but there is no season, or scene, more impressive than the hour of departing day, when yonder orb of light is gently sinking in the west—when his last fading gleam upon the mountain is succeeded by the deeper shades of solemn twilight, and the pale moon, floating through "trackless ether," with her attendant train of glittering stars, sheds her mild radiance upon the world below. Sacred be this hour to memory and friendship! With

it are associated the bright visions of earlier years, that tell of joys for ever fled, indelibly traced upon the record of remembrance, and are like the "calm melody of distant music, sweet and mournful to the soul." Who hath not learned from the book of experience, that this is a world of mutation, in which there is no "*certainty, or stable hope?*" The page of retrospection unfolds this truth, and at an hour like this, it thrills through the soul, as the deep-toned requiem of buried enjoyment.

That silver orb, with "crescent bright," remains unchanged by the revolutions of years. When in the pleasing trance of childhood, in my native isle, beyond the blue sea, she shone upon me with the same serene splendor. But where are those with whom I shared the sweet, yet simple pleasures of childhood—gathered wild flowers, watched the warbling brook, and listened to the song of birds. Ah! we are far distant from each other—they and I are changed; and the vicissitudes that have marked our destiny are felt at an hour like this. And many associates of my youth, who, in the calm still evening, gazed upon the grandeur of the concave heavens with an eye to admire, and a heart to adore, are now sleeping with the "clouds of the valley sweet about them," having been prematurely cut off, as the garden flower by an untimely frost. Truly, "all flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever," Isaiah xi, 6, 8.

Where is the being so constituted, but will sometimes "recur in melancholy recollections to the past?" Doubtless the eye that may rest upon these lines has seen the cypress wreath of death entwined around the brow of some much loved friend—perhaps a brother, a sister, or child—perhaps a father—perchance a mother, she who watched, and wept, and prayed over the pillow of infancy, and strewed the path of her child with blessings—she whose virtues sweeten her remembrance—hath been shrouded in the drapery of death, and the moonbeams fall upon the turf that covers her. There, amidst the dwellings of the dead, may be learned the emptiness of earth, and the meteor-like nature of all its pleasures.

"Then, since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,"

at this sacred hour may the soul emerge from the gloom and darkness of earth, and with a flight peculiar to her nature, soar on contemplation's wings to heaven, where the pure spirits of the *blest* drink from the crystal fount that issues from the throne of God.

Original.

PASSAGES FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

From a letter to a city friend who has met with heavy losses and thinks of trying his hand at farming.—To a lady, proposing to come on a visit to the country in March.—To a friend who had given me the new novel, "Cecil a Peer."

UNDER the circumstances, Tom, I think the country is the place for you. You will be obliged, of course, to come down in your style of living, and, to do that in the city, however tightly you may button your coat and think it virtuous, will occasion yourself perhaps, and your wife and daughters certainly, some unpleasant feelings. Socrates and Plato are not always close by to applaud, and the "indeed!" of fools and enemies, when your spirits are depressed, does not come over you as agreeably as a South wind over a potatoe-patch. There are friends to be checked who used to dine with you when they pleased, invitations to be refused because you cannot afford ball-dresses and hack-hire, young ladies to be repulsed who were sure of your ten dollars for clothing the Owhyees,—every thing to be economized in, except your street dress and your four-story house,—those two inalienable rights of Americans in or out of troubles. Then there is another inducement to come away, which would weigh heavily with me,—to be rid of the streets which have been paved with your cares and the faces that have reflected your clouded visage; for long after the cares are gone, the streets and people of a place one has suffered in, infect one with a vague uneasiness which it costs an effort to reason away:

"Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows
Which show like grief itself, but are not so,"

and, from this score of extras in the blue-devil line, you emancipate yourself by changing the scene.

Of course you wish to know the cost and charges of the proposed chrysalis in your condition. (Whether it is up, or down, in the scale of existence, for a metropolitan to turn farmer—whether you are a butterfly turning to a worm, or a worm turning to a butterfly—might be matter of argument between us.) As I got at least one letter a week from strangers wanting the same information—world-weary and city-weary people, wishing to know the price of land, the cost of team and tools, the marketable yield per acre, and the expense of living—I can satisfy you with a simple effort of memory.

First, to show you how a poorer man than yourself would manage the same thing. He arrives in one of these Western villages with a pair of horses, as much kitchen furniture and bedding and as many children as the team will draw, and one hundred dollars in his pocket. He inquires for a Land Office. After half a day's talk with a land proprietor, he procures a contract for fifty acres, at four, five, to ten dollars an acre, on which he pays fifty dollars,—the remainder payable, by instalments, in the course of ten years. He drives on

to his new farm, calls on the neighbors, who form a "bee" and raise a log-house for him in two days, purchases the begin-ables with his remaining fifty dollars, and, with a hired cow and an occasional day's work for wages, keeps his family along 'till harvest. After this, with prudence and industry it is plain sailing.

Or—he hires a farm to work upon shares; giving the proprietor one-third of the produce for the mere rent, or giving half the produce if the proprietor finds team, seed and tools. A man lives near me who rents a farm on the former of these two plans, and commencing with no property but a pair of horses and a cow, has had no difficulty in living as well, for the three or four years that I have known him, as any farmer in the country. He has a wife and six children who are fed and clad as luxuriantly as people wish in that class of life; he takes a leisure day when he pleases, and lives an easy, regular and independent life—not thinking himself remarkably well off, either. As to the toil he undergoes, I have watched him pretty faithfully at his work, and I assure you I would gladly do as much, every day, for exercise, town-bred as I am, had I the same privilege as he of going early to bed. It seems to me very surprizing, by the way, that when such means and modes of livelihood as I have described are attainable by any able-bodied man, that the cities should be as full as they are represented to be just now of people of desperate fortunes, living in starvation and mortification. I have seen, I believe, every degree of luxury known beneath the sun, yet, to me, the worldly condition of this farmer, were I driven to it to-morrow, would be far from intolerable, and, in this part of the country, it is a life which any healthy man who chooses may adopt to-morrow, without hindrance or difficulty. I have mentioned the payment of a first instalment, but a contract is often given without that, as the land-holder is benefitted by the man's labor on the land, and is not a loser, even if he leaves it when the contract expires without paying a farthing. His clearings, his fences, his log-house and pig-sty are left behind for rent.

And now for you, who are not compelled like the wood-chopper to

"Be your own carver and cut out your way."

A farm, of fifty acres under cultivation and twenty-five in wood, eligibly situated and with barn and dwelling-house upon it, may be purchased for fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars. The house probably would not suit you, and you would put up a fancy cottage which might cost you from one to two thousand dollars. (As much more as you like, of course, but that will build a house large enough for your family, and as pretty as need be.) You move to the country in April, and leaving the ladies to plant vines and creepers and busy themselves about shrubs and grass-plots, you set your man to work ploughing, and, between reading "The New England Farmer" and taking advice from your neighbors, make preparations for the summer's work, beginning with your own hands on such portions of it as you like best. It all comes very naturally, for every thing is down in the books, and the farmer who stops

and hangs over the fence, for a half-hour's chat with you, tells you what your predecessor used to do with "that patch," and what he would do with it if he was in your place, and this is very good advice to follow 'till you know better. Meantime you want flour and groceries and meat from the village market, and the ladies, who have sixpence worth of shopping to do every day in the year, will take the horse and wagon and drive over after dinner, and manage all the errands without taking you from your work. Ten dollars a week *may* pay the butcher, grocer and shop-keeper, and fifty dollars a week *may not*—depending on the prudence of madam and her daughters. Five hundred dollars of net income, besides the produce of a farm that is paid for, should make a rich man, in the country; and the produce without the moneyed income is enough for all the necessaries of life. The farmer, who lives only by farming, never goes to the meat market, and wants no groceries but tea and sugar. He sets his net in the river for fish and has his gun always loaded for passing game, and has fresh meat when he "kills a critter" or when the dame kills ducks or chickens—dining very contentedly at other times on salt beef and his own plentiful vegetables.

Well—the harvest comes on, and you get in your crops, pay off your hands, and reckon the gains of your fifty acres. In grain, hay and vegetables, all convertible into cash, you may have from five hundred dollars to a thousand, according to the season and according (much more) to your skill and economy. Your "help," feed, plaster and wear and tear of tools may take away one hundred dollars of this, and the remainder you may put in the book to draw upon when your wife wishes to go to the city, or your daughters wish to get new curtains to the parlor or new gear for the adornment of their blooming beauties. With no interest and no instalment to pay as the spring comes round again, you may "stay beforehand," and accumulate money even on farming.

* * * * *

Come to us "in the early Spring?" No, indeed! In the first place I could not afford myself the luxury of your visit, and in the second place, the gulf betwixt Dives and Abraham was scarcely more impassable than the roads at this season betwixt New York and Glenmary. I will explain—for you like whys and wherefores, as who does not?

You have called me a gentleman-farmer, when disposed to be complimentary. I am not one in the Spring. And it is only when I am one, in the summer months, that I can afford to be visible and visited. Hoeing and hay-making, gardening and transplanting, harvesting, thrashing, and fencing, are the poetry of farming, and done in the poetry of seasons. My bucolics commence on the first of June and end on the first of November. When my work is picturesque and my friends are with me, when I can order out a glass of wine under a tree, or take my tea sitting outside on the grass, when a linen jacket is "dress" enough for dinner, and the beauty of the woods and fields, and the intoxication of the pure air, make every thing seem right that is rural—then I like friends around me—then I would as lief be seen at work

as at play, and then, hoe in hand or spade or flail, I am open to all comers, even such dainty dames as the one I now "warn off the premises." But this is not the description of winter work, or the country in the early spring. Heavy boots to keep out the snow-water—thick mittens to protect the hands—mud, caked and frozen on the home-spun working-trowsers—cap of seal-skin crowded doggedly over the eyes, and the old great-coat of a dozen winters,—this is not drawing-room gear, (if there be more than the wife in the drawing-room,) yet, for the day-time at least, it must come in and go out, and loiter uncriticised by the fire. Then the work of early spring is unsung even in the rudest bucolica—moving of mud and manure, carting of gravel and wet leaves, digging up of buried vegetables, and mending of flooded and miry roads—all prose, my dear madam—prose, read by the spectator through sleet and chilly wind, and sufficiently repulsive to all who are not interested in the results. True—"tea" becomes the "dread meal," and the evenings are long, but the author's working-day, which in summer commences at sunrise, in winter commences with candle-lighting. When you are here in the leafy months, and come lounging in your white morning-dress to breakfast at nine, my work for the day is over—my "article" for Mr. Snowden half done—and it is all play to bed-time again, whether I stroll with you through the woods or hoe potatoes in the field. My farmer calls me idle because I do not go a-field 'till ten, and you call me idle because you never see me scribbling twixt ten and bed-time—yet in summer you sleep while I toil, and in the winter the farmer sleeps while I toil, and I envy you both, as the school-boy does the bee and the butterfly. No "gentleman-farmer" can live by the plough alone, however. And now do you see why, 'till the trees get their leaves to visit them, I cannot afford you leave to visit us? Yet in June, welcome as June!

Shall I give you, "lest you sour your patient cheek," some idea of the "perils by" mud and mire, ("flood and fire" would be much more endurable) which beset in the Spring months, the traveller Glenmary-ward? The first off-go of forty or fifty miles, it is true, has a glacial alacrity of progress which would not justify my *care*. Let me ascend at once to the pitch of personal narrative, however, and begin at the beginning.

I left the Astor just as the wives of the business men of the Vesey street province of Astoria were shuffling down in their slippers to share the premature breakfast of their spouses. The thick-voiced porter who

"Welcomes the coming, speeds the parting guest,"

leading the way with my baggage to the "Balloon"—the name of the steamer, but prophetic, I trust, of voyages in air, and at half past eight I was on my way up the Hudson, needing no great exercise of philosophy to follow the counsel of Shakespeare:—

"And what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To be that way thou goest, not whence thou comest!"

The "Balloon" takes passengers twenty-two miles—the commencement of the Erie Rail-road, and the boat and a half passed on board of her gives you just

leisure you want, to get tickets and hand over baggage to the conductor. If this noble road had been completed, my troubles would have been ended with showing my ticket at Piermont. A few hours of comfort were before me however, and I made the most of them. The car was almost as broad as a drawing-room and the seats very luxurious, the conductor courteous and the opening of the valley of the Sparkhill, through which the track wound away, looked inviting, even with the leaflessness of March. I had in my pocket the new novel, "Cecil a Peer," but the views out of the windows were too attractive for reading. The route was new to me, and often as I had passed up the Hudson, I had never imagined that there lay any thing behind the Palisades but sterility, or that there was much else than rock in Rockland County. Here we were, threading a beautiful and fertile valley, with wood, hill and water in habitable as well as picturesque combination—all unoccupied, and all within two or three hours from New York by a route which the winter never interrupted. With any degree of prosperity in the country, it seems to me these hills must in a year or two be studded with villas, and that many a man who now spends an hour in a crammed omnibus, (tugged over the pavements to his house in a pinched up brick block,) will add another hour to his leisure, and speed home nightly to his cheaper and far more luxurious cottage in the valley of the Sparkhill. I really wonder this has not already been done—that this fertile and sweet valley, so near to New York, was not immediately "mapped out" and appropriated with the first opening of the Erie Rail-road. The difference between a house in a street and a cottage with fields and a green lawn, to a man who has children—the difference between plodding home over the hot paving stones of a city, and sitting on a cool deck, or in a comfortable cabin, with a book or newspaper, inhaling health in the changed air, after a day of fatigue at business—and the difference, again, in the expense of town and country—these are palpable contrasts which will cover these hills some day with gardens and groups of children and make of them, suburbs, rural and beautiful suburbs, to New York—so near are they now brought by steam and rail-road.

From the valley of the Sparkhill we curved into the Hackensack, and thence into the valley of the Ramapo, a singularly bright and gay river, running in a bed of rock and chequered with foaming rapids. On the bank of this stream the road runs for twenty miles, waking up from its Dutch sleep the thrifty village of Ramapo, with its hundred red houses, and developing, at every turn, scenery destined to the overflow of city wealth and population. And so we glided into the broad fields and highly cultivated slopes around Goshen, and came to a stand-still in that *buttery* of the state—a town, by the way, whose houses seem built and set down after the plan of butter-tubs on the deck of a freight-boat. True, (the mud being, at every step, over the ankles of the passers-by,) I did not venture off the portico of the tavern, and, true again, I have not yet forgiven the place for the trouble I had in getting away from it. It was not, as Ariel says

"With a twink,
Before you can say 'come and go,'
And breathe twice, and cry 'so so!'"

though the advertisement of the "Accommodation Line" had seemed to promise it. I am not much in the habit of presenting the public with my autograph on the outsides of taverns, but after pacing up and down the portico of the Goshen Hotel for four hours, inquiring in vain for even the prospect of a conveyance westward, I was tempted into expressing its welcome to travellers in the words of Suffolk:—

"Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me—
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings."

The stage for Owego starts from Bloomingburgh (fourteen miles from Goshen) daily after breakfast, and the advertisement promises that a conveyance shall meet the train at Goshen on its arrival from New York and take passengers immediately over. We had arrived at three, and as the night was setting in, rainy and dark, I found a friend who gave me the pleasant information that the road was all but impassable for horses, and that the stage had not been over for several days! My dilemma had, meantime, reached a livery stable, and, for an exorbitant price, the proprietor offered to make an essay toward getting me to Bloomingburgh before morning—promising, however, that he thought it probable we should pass the night in clay-pit or quagmire. "Will is might," says the encouraging adage, and with a very light open wagon, and a pair of stout horses, we made the first plunge into the mud and darkness.

At what depth under the surface lies the road, in the neighborhood of Goshen, is a problem of geology over which a *Silliman* might choose to linger. A more superficial investigation would have satisfied the driver and myself, though we left it, I may say, with no *insight* whatever to its *solution*. Don't fancy, my dear friend, because I sit gaily at home now, making these abominable puns on my distresses, that they would have been endurable to a lady traveller. The sitting in an open wagon all night, on the alert, every instant, to save your neck by a jump—wet through with a sleety rain—rolling hither and thither as one wheel or the other sank out of soundings—sure of the road only by wallowing in the mire—horses plunging, driver despairing, and harness giving way. This is a degree of trouble, in achieving fourteen miles out of the hundred and fifty, which makes a barrier sufficiently formidable betwixt you and Glenmary. It was a specimen of the whole journey. For three days and nights, in open lumber-wagons, sitting on my baggage, or lying on straw, I shared the fortunes of the Owego mail—carrying the news at the rate of a mile an hour, and with rolling and pitching enough to make me fancy myself at sea in a Levanter. And such is American "stage travelling" in winter and spring months, and such is one of the evils from which we pray to be delivered by the completion of the Erie Rail-road.

* * * * *

Thank you for "Cecil," and I *can* "give a guess as to the authorship"—a letter from a London friend informing me that it is probably the joint effort of two

persons, a gentleman and a lady. Only one of these is known to fame—the lady—and she, I fancy, has done little else than warm up the sentiment, and purify the morals of the book. There is no relish of her style in it, and she is a clever woman, and *has* a style; nor, in fact, is it marked with any particular style belonging to the gentleman; for, as the book shows, I think it is only a compilation of *bons-mots*—a cooking-up of a common-place book, by a man who has kept good society, and has a retentive memory. He draws himself, by the by, in his description of Walsingham, the lover of his niece. “Jane had found his conversation amusing, without perceiving that all it unfolded, was picked up in conversation—that, as Richelieu said of some superficial man, though too poor to have a shirt, he had furnished himself with a pair of ruffles.” The whole tale wants *fusing*, and shows great clumsiness and effort in the bringing together and dove-tailing of the events and witticisms.

If my correspondent is right in his conjecture, the author is an Irish adventurer in London; and it is a curious thing to read the book, knowing the man, and analyze his conception of the sensations accompanying the inheritance of rank and fortune. The intention, evidently, is to give it the air of an autobiography—to impress the public with the idea that the anonymous author is describing the secrets and sentiments of aristocratic life, as nobody but a born aristocrat could have done—as a fillip to the book’s notoriety and sale. You will make up your mind, when you read Cecil, as to the author’s success—but he certainly has drawn the portrait of the noble-born coxcomb and peer at a very long perspective. The author of Cecil came to London at the age of twenty, without a penny or a friend, and with but one chance acquaintance, (a man whom I happen to know,) a good natured fellow, who introduced him to a wealthy family, under whose roof he found temporary shelter. This was twenty-five years ago. He was good-looking, had a fair education, and possessed good manners and tact, and on this capital, commenced at once the career of a fashionable man about town. With no profession, and no apparent means of livelihood, he made his way, married a penniless but very accomplished girl against the wishes of her family, and has continued to flourish, living at the rate of a thousand pounds a year, and having a footing in very good society, though looked upon by all his acquaintances as a man who might go off at any possible tangent. It would be a considerable gift to the world, if some one of this mysterious class would leave after him the secret of his *rubs*—(rubs of Aladdin’s lamp, indeed)—and in a faithfully chronicled autobiography, tell us who paid his bills, or how they went without paying so long. London seems the indigenous soil of this variety of the human species, though they are found much shorter-lived in most great cities.

I rather wonder the author of Cecil did not take earlier to literature, for he has had the same access to his present sources, for twenty years. By this little passage, I think he must have known Brummel:—
“Scarcely three years my senior, yet old, cold, and

withered, with chinchilla whiskers, and a coat manufactured—I suppose it knew where—Lord Harris came wheezing after me.” He visits, occasionally, in D’Orsay’s circle, and I have marked three or four little touches, which savor of the style of conversation in that brilliant sphere. “She was, in short, a creation of four centuries of civilization—one of those fleet, sleek, slender products of the racing stud of refinement—the Newmarket, founded by Francis I., with a king’s plate for elegance of costume, manners and conversation.”—“I swear I believe that women, like official men, have the faculty of dismissing every thing from their minds—which they do not wish to remember.”—“A Duke of Bedford, antecedent to him who *invented* long-tailed sheep.”—“To avoid contaminating the pure and bright affection of my soul, by admixture with the follies of the hour, I accordingly sealed it up (the affection) in a packet, and laid it by ’till wanted. And after all, plausibility apart, is not this the logic of the infidelities of most absent lovers and husbands?”

Men, free of the world, like the author of Cecil, sometimes encounter, and are compelled to observe and appreciate innocence and virtue, as well as folly and vice. Here is a passage which nothing but such observation would have drawn from the person I have been describing:—“To the eyes of all men worthy the name, a woman never looks more charming than in the disarray of a morning visit; her dress simple, her cheeks unheated, her manner easy. She is then herself—no false excitement, no vain coquetry. How much more indicative of the wife, the gentle companion, the fire side friend, than when fluttering through the mazes of a waltz, with roving eye and moistened skin, a mark for the audacity of the unprincipled, or the pity of the wise.”

* * * * *

Original.

PASSING AWAY.

"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved."

THERE is nothing on which we can fix our eyes that is not subject to mutation and decay. The "everlasting hills," as they are called, are gradually crumbling down and filling the vallies at their bases. The solid granite of the mountain wastes away under the ravages of time. The aged oak of the forest, having put on the drapery of a hundred summers, and withstood the storms of as many successive winters, finally yields, and is stripped of its foliage—despoiled of its glory. The barren trunk, which stands up in solitude to be riven by the lightning, and scattered to the winds, falls by piece-meal in the stillness of the untrodden forest.

Change follows change in rapid succession. Where flourishing empires, and populous cities, in one age of the world, obtrude their splendor and magnificence upon the contemplative vision, in the next naught is presented to the gaze but the time-honored vestiges of what had been. As we look out upon the world, here and there scattered far and wide, we descry the last lingering relics of splendid empires and almost forgotten kingdoms. The chiseled fragments of proud columns, and triumphal arches, the remains of magnificent temples, and the ruins of ancient mausoleums, are presented to our gaze, and upon every fragment we see inscribed by the hand of time, "Passing away."

Suppose we transport ourselves upon the wing of imagination to distant years—before us rises ancient Babylon, in all her strength and beauty. See her arial gardens, her elegantly finished temples, surmounted with minarets. Gaze upon her massive walls and impregnable towers—let the eye rest for a moment upon the long sweeping arches, supporting the splendid bridges that seem self-suspended over the Euphrates that glides in noiseless grandeur along. Turn to the temple of Belus, and from its topmost pinnacle take a survey of the scene that spreads around you, and ask, can this city, which in the Book of God is called "the glory of kingdoms," and "the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," ever be laid waste? Every tower that rises from her splendid edifices—every fortress that surmounts her walls—every temple and palace that swells up in majesty beneath you, would answer, never. But to the prophet's eye, piercing the gloom of intervening years, appeared a different scene: "Babylon

shall be as Sodom and Gomorrah: it shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there; but wild beasts of the desert shall be there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there, and the wild beasts of the island shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces." Go now and search for the site of Babylon, and as you stand at the lonesome hour of midnight, and hear the scream of the hyena, the yell of the jackall, and the roar of the king of the forest, tell me if you do not feel the force of the declaration, "All these things shall be dissolved." Every passing breeze seems to whisper, "Passing away."

I point you to the remains of the proud Acropolis and Parthenon of Athens, and as you cast a glance upon their tottering columns, ruined battlements, and nodding porticos, strewed around with the fragments of broken capitals, friezes, pedestals, architraves, and statuary, say if the things of earth are not hastening to dissolution. Transport yourself to the Coliseum of Rome, and as you trace upon its broken walls the ravages of time, tell me if all things are not subject to mutation and decay.

Man himself hastens to decay. To-day he is an infant, to-morrow he treads the slippery paths of youth, and anon we see him in the vigor of manhood; but again his furrowed cheek and palsied hand point him to the grave. * * * * The vision has fled, and the aged form sleeps at last in the silent grave. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the grass." Before me is a young female, whose destiny in this world will furnish a melancholy illustration of my subject. Her glossy tresses shade a brow that wears no marks of care. Her eye burns with unquenched fires, and her cheek glows with freshest shades. Her young life-blood is bounding free, and with a tread as buoyant as air, she glides along through a world of flowers and sunshine. Look at her again, and soon you shall see her blasted by affliction. The rose has faded from her cheek—her eye no longer sparkling with vivacity, but bedimmed with tears of deep affliction. Autumnal leaves, sear and blasted, rustle upon her grave—fit emblems of earthly beauty. "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness!"

J. E. E.

RAILROAD SCENE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

NECESSITY is the parent of invention. This is illustrated in the rise of railroads, from accidental causes. In some parts of England, where mining is common, it was at first customary to lay parallel rails in the mines, on which two wheel carriages were moved by men. Afterwards the carriages were enlarged, and horses were used. The rails were finally extended beyond the mines to the wharves where the coal was shipped. The rails were at first of wood, which was subsequently overlaid with wrought iron. Cast iron was used about a century afterwards. At length wrought iron was restored, but was used in a different form. At present, in the United States, rails of wood are used, which being faced with iron answer the best purpose. The wood is a spring, yielding at first to the shock of the heavy weights moved upon it, and then restoring itself.

The best locomotive engines in present use rest on six wheels. Two of these are larger than the others, and are driven by the engine. In this country the four small wheels are joined by frame work under one end of the carriage, and the other end rests on the large wheels. The locomotive is propelled by high pressure steam power. Two cylinders are generally used, and to the piston of each cylinder a connecting rod is adapted, which is applied at the other extremity to a crank on the axle of one of the pairs of wheels on which the engine is carried.

Upon a well constructed railroad, a horse power can propel a load of more than twenty tons. Fifteen tons is a common load on a level road. The advantage of a good railroad over a turnpike is about as twelve to one. A canal has the advantage in this respect over a railroad, when horses are employed as the propelling power. But if speed be the object, it is otherwise. In this case railroads are superior to canals, even when horses are used as the moving power. Ten miles an hour is the greatest speed that can be maintained by horse power on a canal, but fifteen miles an hour can be accomplished on railroads. The reason of this difference is the increased resistance to motion in fluids at a high velocity.

Railroads are valuable principally from the fact that steam can be used in propelling the cars. By this means great speed may be obtained. At present from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour is a common rate of locomotion on railroads. This is sometimes increased to thirty, forty, or even fifty miles an hour. It is an interesting scene to witness from twelve to twenty cars, each of which accommodates fifty persons with seats, moving at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, and continuously, without any pausing for relays of horses.

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Two methods have been adopted for the propulsion of carriages on railroads by steam, namely, stationary and locomotive engines. Stationary engines are set up on the sides of the road, and they act on the cars by means of ropes or chains. They are used where the level changes too abruptly to be surmounted by the use of locomotives, which is generally the case when the ascent of the inclined plane exceeds the limit of from 100 to 200 feet per mile, according to the power of the engine. At some greater inclination than 100 feet per mile, an additional engine is often used; but whenever the inclination exceeds 200 feet per mile, the stationary engine is resorted to. The passage of the mountains between Johnstown and Hollidaysburg, in Pennsylvania, is made by a great number of inclined planes and stationary engines. Some of the inclinations are more than half a mile in length. In the month of May or September, a passage over the mountains at this point affords the traveler who has a taste for wild and picturesque scenery much entertainment.

Great improvements are going on in our own country as well as in Europe in the construction of railroads. It is reasonable to expect that in less than twenty years, nearly all the prominent cities of America will be connected by them; and in the mean time such perfection will be attained in their construction, and in the application of steam as a propelling power, that thirty miles or more per hour will be a common and safe rate of traveling. Then the Buckeye may take his early coffee in his native state, and late at evening drink tea with his friend in Baltimore. The merchant may easily leave Ohio on Monday, spare two or three days to make his purchases in Philadelphia, and be at home on Saturday evening to keep the Sabbath holy.

The frontispiece is an admirable picture of a railroad scene. The cars are represented as departing from the city, whose spires and steeples are seen in the background; and wayside grazers, roused by the sudden and threatening invasion of their solitude, seek safety in flight. The artist has succeeded to admiration in imparting to the whole scene an air of life and motion; and as we gaze, we almost listen in expectation of hearing the rapid escape of steam, and the sound of the wheels in their rapid whirl.

The reader will perceive at a glance that the locomotive in this picture is represented as borne on four wheels instead of six, which we have stated to be the usual mode.

Written for the Ladies' Garland.

REMINISCENCES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

When young life's journey I began,
The glittering prospect charmed my eyes;
I saw along the extended plain
Joy after joy successive rise:
But soon I found 'twas all a dream,
And learned the fond pursuit to shun,
Where few can reach the purposed aim,
And thousands daily are undone.

The sunny hours of childhood, with me,
have passed away, and manhood, with its
responsibilities and its cares, is now upon me.
The morning and twilight of youth have im-
perceptibly glided onward, and the noon-tide
hours of middle age crowding fast upon the
meridian of life's short day. Much of the
past has been fraught with

"Scenes of wo, and scenes of pleasure."

To the contemplative mind, there is a
mournfully pleasing melancholy in the con-
templation of scenes and incidents connect-
ed with the soft-winged hours of by-gone
days. When the song of revelry and mirth
enraptured my boyish ear with its dulcet
sounds, the thought never crossed my imagi-
nation that behind the rose "is secreted the
thorn." The dream of romance pictured out
the future full of fairy delights, and invited
the revellings of fancy to banquet on her
honeyed sweets. But, alas! the spell of de-
lusion has been broken, and the dream of
imagination has subsided into calm and sober
reality. I have been tossed upon the edying
whirls of time—the tear of sorrow has dimmed
my eye, and adversity has thrown her gloomy
mantle over every cheering prospect. Anon,
the star of hope has shot its sparkling gems
across my bosom's sadness, and my heart, like
a bird freed from its wiry prison, has soared
aloft, and left its cares behind.

But, dear reader, instead of indulging in
such romantic reveries of fancy, I will intro-
duce you to a few of my Reminiscences of
By-gone Days.

It was a beautiful morning in the merry
month of May; nature was clothed in her
gayest attire, and every zephyr wafted the
richest perfume from her loveliest parterre.
The little birds carolled forth in sweetest
melody their notes of joy, as they hopped
from spray to spray, and gladdened the heart
of the early traveller as he passed by the
flowery landscape, or leisurely wended his
way onward through shady bowers sparkling
with Aurora's glittering gems as the sun
gilded the eastern horizon, and appeared in
all the rich and varied splendor of the king of
day. * * *

The sun had already passed the meridian,
and was again gently declining behind the
western hills. As the departing day was

hushed into stillness and repose, I found my-
self near the dwelling of one whose lovely
image had often flit across my midnight vi-
sions, and caused my dreams to be sweet
when I awoke. A few minutes more, and I
was seated by the side of Miss —, basking
in the sunbeams of her soft blue eyes, which
rolled in liquid lustre and sparkled with the
diamond's brilliancy.

"For O! 'tis ecstasy most sweet,
To bask in bliss from beauty's eye."

With a heart naturally susceptible of the
most exquisite sensations, and an imagination
that loved to revel on the fairy delights which
female charms never fail to throw around the
heart's best associations, I was now happier
in the possession of the warm affections of her

Whose smiles could win
And captivate the heart,

than if I had possessed the diadem of royalty,
or swayed a sceptre over the empire of the
world. But, oh! how transient is sublunary
bliss! The chalice which contains the ex-
hilarating draught is no sooner touched than
broken, and sorrow and disappointment take
the place of joy and expectation.

The look of joy, of love, and affection, that
beams from the eye of beauty to-day, and
throws a sacred halo, almost unearthly, over
the soul, may to-morrow be shrouded in the
gloom of melancholy, and the eye that shone
with lustre bright, be dimmed and suffused
with a tear. The rose that unfolds its ver-
million leaves to the morning sun, in all its
beauty and pride, may be scattered by the
whirlwind blast, and its fragrance wasted on
the desert air. * * *

The vernal bloom had decayed, and the
glories of summer had withered and faded
away. "It was an evening of autumn's
loveliest mood"—the dying breeze that sung
itself asleep, and the silvery queen of night
was careering through the spangled firmam-
ent. I stood upon the banks of the Dela-
ware, as it rolled its dark blue waves in ma-
jestic grandeur onward toward the mighty
deep, where, in by-gone days, I used to sit in
sweet meditations with her I loved. But
how changed was the scene! We had often
met and embraced each other on this very
spot in all the warm affection of youthful
lovers, and at every meeting renewed our
pledge of love, which had already been kind-
led into enthusiasm. This evening we met
again, and for the last time. With a tremu-
lous voice, I—a told her tale of sorrow,
and leaning her head on my bosom, while
her beautiful auburn tresses partly covered
her face, she gave vent to her feelings in a
flood of tears, which told in deepest anguish,
the blasted hopes and the withering blight
that were about to extinguish her dreams of

future bliss, and throw the gloomy pall of disappointment over the unconsummated happiness of coming years. One hour more, and we parted in doubtful expectation of ever seeing each other again. The cause of our separation, dear reader, must, with you and me, remain a secret forever. We have never seen each other since the memorable night on which we took the last sad adieu. Years have passed away, and have witnessed the untold anguish of her heart in becoming, by an act of imprudence, the bosom companion of a young man who was first a moderate drinker, but soon threw off restraint, and became a wretched inebriate. The garland of roses which virtue, morality and religion had been weaving to decorate the nuptial hour, was soon after torn from her brow by the demon of intemperance, and all her brilliant prospects for future life entombed beneath the wreck of hope's disappointed career.

"Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew,
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!"

Harmony, N. J., May, 1842. * * *

[To be concluded in next No.]

Original.

RETROSPECT OF YOUTH.

BY S. COMFORT.

THERE is nothing stable and permanent in life. It has no fixed, abiding point. The stream of time never stands, but hastens on to the fathomless ocean of eternity. Floating onward upon its bosom, while all men around us are borne forward at the same ratio of progression with ourselves, it is not passing strange that we should not correctly note the great changes which are perpetually transpiring in society. The progress of each individual through the different stages and periods of life is not only constant, but so gradual as scarcely to be perceptible to the unreflecting, unless by some event, calculated to arrest the attention and to direct it to this object, the mind is roused from its reverie, and the waking dream is dissipated. But the bustle and strife of business—the ordinary routine of domestic cares and duties—the eager pursuits of science, which drink up the spirits, and rivet the attention to a given class of objects, centring all the energies of mind in one channel—and the all-engrossing and active duties of a learned profession—all these, midst scenes which have become familiar and seem to remain unvarying, are quite unfavorable to a due appreciation of the new and varying aspects which human society constantly presents. Under such circumstances, great and striking changes succeed each other, and go on for years both in ourselves and others, and yet remain by us quite unperceived. Tender, smiling infancy may give place to prattling, volatile, inquisitive childhood—childhood be transformed into cheerful, aspiring, ambitious youth—youth ripen into strong and vigorous manhood, and manhood may, with a smooth and steady current flow on through all the varied scenes of active and useful life, till old age steals upon us with scarce an echo of its advancing footsteps, unless, perhaps, we are admonished of its invasion by some incident—infirmity, the growing obtuseness of the senses, or the waste of that strength, agility, and elasticity, while in the full possession of which weariness and debility were to us perfect strangers—we may pass from one extreme to the other almost without cognizance of the transit.

And for this we may account, from the fact that, ordinarily, in proportion as objects become familiar, they arrest the attention less; also, probably, from our being accustomed to looking forward with hope and anticipation to the future rather than dwelling on the present, retrospecting the past, or comparing the past with the present, especially if such a view is calculated to awaken conscience, or call to remembrance our own mortality. Such a view is not adapted to warm into being emotions of gayety and light-heartedness. Indeed, when we take a moralizing and sentimental survey of the past, and number the years which have fled, and reflect on the changes they have wrought, both in ourselves and others, a feeling of pensiveness will almost irresistibly steal over the mind. And this is neither strange nor wrong, for it is instinctive.

To make such an impression deep and abiding, there is probably nothing better adapted than to revisit the place of our childhood, youth, and early manhood, after years of continued absence. You return to the spot where memory calls up a thousand living and thrilling associations. In every thing what a change! An extended circle of early acquaintance is converted into a community of strangers. You must undertake the task of learning an entire new catalogue of proper names. You will find an exercise of your skill in physiognomy in the recognition of strange faces. As you pass the streets of your native village, the houses of business, offices, and shops, and the golden lettered professional cards, all denote new occupants. Go to the place where you received a knowledge of the elements of your native language, and your first intellectual training, where the young idea was first taught how to shoot, and inquire for the companions of those blithe-some days, and not one is found. Go next to the holy sanctuary. Here those love to meet who have taken sweet counsel together—they delight to go to the house of God in company, and mingle their songs and aspirations, their sighs and their tears, their hopes and their fears, their joys and their sorrows. But where are those who, in other days, associated together here? You look around for them in vain. They no longer occupy their seats in the great congregation, or come round the sacramental board. They are gone—they dwell in the spirit land. Or do you sit down with some surviving friend of other days, and select some individual from memory's record of those whose acquaintance was identified with other times, for the purpose of reviving their personal history? Such a one has long since emigrated. Another has met with such or such a revolution in the domestic relations, or secular interests; or what will interest you to know, whether for weal or woe, in moral character and prospects. Of some you will weep to hear of their relapse, while the reclamation and espousal to the cause of Christ of others will strike joy to the centre of your heart. Casting about among your early acquaintance, you will be startled to find that such a youth of your acquaintance, in departed years, now fills such a civil office, or some responsible station, has entered upon such a profession, is prosecuting such an enterprise, eager in pursuit of honor, wealth or pleasure; or perhaps a higher seat in your esteem is claimed, while your heart kindles with holy gratitude, when you learn that such a one has selected a loftier object, and makes life an offering to the honor of God and the good of men. Such and such, you learn, have been struck from the register of the living, mourned by many, forgotten by some, unknown to others, and to most as though they had not been.

But listen to their history a little farther. Inquire into circumstances. To some, as they entered the dark valley, it seemed as if a black and rayless night of horror and despair were shutting in around them. Others, as they reached the margin, and looked off on the boundless ocean on which they were about to embark,

saw the star of immortal hope rising above the proudest billow, dispelling all the shades and gloom which invest the boundless prospect—a gloomy shade, especially to those whose eye of faith was never fixed on the erected cross, who never cast the anchor of their hope within the veil. Over the memory of one you cannot but sigh, and feel it is but just. Over another you shed a tear of mournful gratitude at the additional testimony to the efficacy of the great atonement through which you hope for conquest in the final conflict.

But your thoughts are turned to other themes, and are addressed by other objects. Presenting themselves together, the events and changes of years are crowded into the space of a single thought, and make a single impression. Forgetting the intervening lapse of time which includes those contemplated events and changes, they seem as if they had all transpired at once, or had been the occurrence of one short day. The time is fled and past, the events belong to the history of absent days, the individuals are present only in memory and in thought. And who can resist the tendency to pensiveness, when every object of sight and thought combines to induce that state of mind? Not an association suggested by each surrounding object, but contributes to the same result. You cannot move from place to place but altered roads—or if the old highways remain unchanged, then every recognized object stands like some monument of other times, and meets you as if commissioned to wake up reminiscences of those days and scenes when rose the cloudless morning sun of youthful hope. Fearless of meridian heat, or evening frost, it kindly cheered your feet along life's flowery pathway. Or next arrest your attention the old inclosures, gardens, meadows, or new cleared fields, just reclaimed from native wildness, and added to the contiguous cultivated and productive grounds connected with the paternal domicil. You are struck with the dilapidated state of the houses and buildings, seen new in other times—themselves still familiar, but their aspect strange. Or perhaps they have been removed, and new ones erected in their place, or else the old remain, and other edifices have been added to their number. Your native village seems almost to have lost its identity. Is it languishing under the wasting hand of time, and the ebb of business and improvement, as if ready to be forsaken by restless, fluctuating man? Or does its improvement and extension remind you of the capacity of invincible, tireless enterprise? Here a new temple of devotion has arisen, whose lofty spire pointing to the skies, indicates man's celestial birth, and his high intellectual and moral destination. Call upon some relative or acquaintance of your early youth, glance over his domestic circle, and you are surprised that a new generation has sprung up during the few years of your absence, and you wonder that they have reached their present age and maturity. You gaze on the well known face of your friend. It is true, the general outlines remain unchanged; but where are the healthful flush, the florid hue which once danced on that cheek, the youthful vi-

vacuity which once beamed in that eye, the smile of cheerfulness which so placidly played in the whole expression, when last beheld? They have strangely disappeared.

But the few short years of absence have not sped their rapid flight without leaving some indelible traces behind them. Comparing yourself with others, and seeing in them, as in a faithful mirror, your own image reflected back, you feel a new and deep conviction of the length of life's journey, which both you and they have left behind. You find you have kept pace with those at whose progress you are filled with astonishment. You will probably more than ever feel how true it is that the sweet morning days of youth are gone, and have carried with them all that freedom from this anxious care which now ever fills your occupied and weary thoughts, and that responsibility which your present relations manifestly involve, ignorance of which then gave volatility and gayety to your cheerful heart. But they have gone. Mirthfulness has been exchanged for gravity—the restive and boundless flights of an undisciplined and delusive imagination for deep and sober thought. It is demonstrated that you are in a world of realities, though a world of constant care, and toil, and change. The romantic visions and empty dreams of earthly bliss have vanished into empty air. The conviction may have grown into an abiding principle of action, that rational and substantial joy must have its source and its seat, not in external circumstances, but in a sanctified and devotional heart. And if you have been so fortunate, rather wise, as to have sought, and seeking, found the pardon of sin and the hope of a blessed immortality, through a crucified Redeemer, you can hardly fail to feel a new impetus towards heaven, whither your faith traces the triumphant flight of kindred spirits, whose personal acquaintance you fondly hoped again to enjoy on earth. How sweet, how soothing to the soul to reflect on their escape from all the toils, and cares, and sorrows of this vale of tears! It is a cordial to the fainting heart. Hope now casts another anchor within the veil. Faith takes a firmer hold on the dying sinner's atoning sacrifice, and sees a brighter prospect rise before it. Love waxes to a purer flame to Him who first loved us and our sinful race, at the thought of obtaining the same reward; yea, heaven is more endeared, since we have kindred spirits there; and earth has less attraction, since every thing earthly is in a state of constant mutation, and all the living hasten to their final change.

ral rule, than to be eternally carping at the inconveniences which are the result of the rare exceptions. The post-office is one of the most useful institutions in the country, and the postmasters, taken collectively, are the worst paid set of officers in the public service. Yet there is no class of public servants who are more frequently made the subjects of unfounded complaint. Every one receives benefits of the most essential kind from the constant and punctual delivery of letters, newspapers, and magazines; yet no one thinks of the obligations of gratitude which he owes to the unwearied attention of the postmaster. The post office, like the common air we breathe, is enjoyed by all and appreciated by few. It is due to those who administer the benefits of this great and useful public institution that their claims should be more fully acknowledged and more liberally met. Congress should increase the pay of postmasters, and all classes of people should remember their services and unite in sustaining and encouraging them in the discharge of their duties, instead of carping at the inevitable delays and miscarriages which are incident to the best organized system.

It appears that the Postmaster General has recently made arrangements for the accommodation of editors by the speedy delivery of their letters and newspapers. Such a manifestation of good will, from such a source, should be promptly acknowledged by the gentlemen of the press. It will relieve them from a heavy tax hitherto paid for conveyance by extra lines, and confer other benefits of inestimable value.

THE POST-OFFICE.

It is a custom very prevalent—a custom, however, more honoured in the breach than the observance—to rail continually at public institutions and public officers on account of real or imaginary imperfections and lapses. One would think it were naturally a more agreeable and gracious task to glance occasionally at the benefits which we are daily receiving from the salutary operation of the gene-

THE PREBLE MEDAL.

(See Plate.)

Among the many honorary medals conferred by order of the American Congress in commemoration of illustrious actions, none was more richly deserved than that presented to Commodore Edward Preble as an acknowledgment of his eminent services in the Tripolitan war of 1804. Preble was one of the most courageous and able commanders that ever served under the American flag. He was a native of Kittery in Maine, born in August, 1761. He entered as midshipman in the Massachusetts state ship Protector, of twenty-six guns, in the year 1779, and bore his part in a severe engagement with the letter of marque Admiral Duff, of thirty-six guns, which terminated in the blowing up of the British ship. In a second cruise, the Protector falling in with a British sloop of war and frigate, was captured, and the principal officers were taken to England; but Preble, by the interest of a friend of his father, Colonel William Tyng, obtained his release at New York and returned to his friends. He then entered as first lieutenant on board the sloop of war Winthrop, Captain George Little, who had been Captain Williams's second in command of the Protector, had scaled the walls of his prison at Plymouth, and with one other person escaping in a wherry to France, took passage thence to Boston. In reading the adventures of our American naval heroes, one is often constrained to exclaim with Lord Byron, "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."

"One of Preble's exploits, while in this station," says his biographer, "has been often mentioned as

an instance of daring courage and cool intrepidity not less than of good fortune. He boarded and cut out an English armed brig of superior force to the Winthrop, lying in Penobscot harbour, under circumstances which justly gave the action great eclat. Little had taken the brig's tender, from whom he gained such information of the situation of the brig, as made him resolve to attempt seizing on her by surprise. He run her alongside in the night, having prepared forty men to jump into her dressed in white frocks, to enable them to distinguish friend from foe. Coming close upon her, he was hailed by the enemy, who, as was said, supposed the Winthrop must be her tender, and who cried out, 'You will run aboard.' He answered, 'I am coming aboard, and immediately Preble, with fourteen men, sprung into the brig. The motion of the vessel was so rapid that the rest of the forty destined for boarding missed their opportunity. Little called to his lieutenant, 'will you not have more men?' 'No!' he answered, with great presence of mind, and a loud voice, 'we have more than we want; we stand in each other's way.' Those of the enemy's crew who were on deck chiefly leaped over the side, and others below from the cabin window, and swam to the shore, which was within pistol shot. Preble, instantly entering the cabin, found the officers in bed or just rising; he assured them they were his prisoners, and that resistance was vain, and if attempted, would only be fatal to them. Believing they were surprised and mastered by superior numbers they forbore any attempt to

rescue the vessel and submitted. The troops of the enemy marched down to the shore, and commenced a brisk firing with muskets, and the battery opened a cannonade, which, however, was too high to take effect. In the mean time the captors beat their prize out of the harbour, exposed for a considerable space to volleys of musketry, and took her in triumph to Boston."

Lieutenant Preble continued in the Winthrop till the peace of 1783. This vessel is acknowledged to have rendered eminent service by protecting our trade near our shores, and picking up a great number of the small privateers which issued from the British ports to the eastward.

For several years after the conclusion of peace Preble was employed in the merchant service. On the reorganization of the navy in 1798, he was one of the first lieutenants commissioned to serve in the Constitution (forty-four guns). In the same year he was ordered to take command of the Pickering (fourteen guns), in which he performed two cruises. The next year, 1799, he received a captain's commission and the command of the Essex frigate, of thirty-two guns. In this ship he performed a cruise as far as the East Indies. On his return his health had suffered so much that he was unable to take command of the Adams, to which he was appointed, and he consequently resigned her to Captain Campbell.

In 1803 he was sufficiently recovered to enter again upon duty; and it was at this time that he commenced that brilliant career which has rendered his name so distinguished in our naval annals. In May of that year he was appointed to the command of the frigate Constitution then lying in Boston, which he was instructed to get ready for sea. In June he received orders to take charge of the squadron destined to act in the Mediterranean, as soon as it should be prepared, consisting of seven sail, viz., the Constitution, forty-four guns; Philadelphia, forty-four, already on the station; Argus, eighteen; Siren, sixteen; Nautilus, sixteen; Vixen, sixteen; Enterprise, fourteen. This force was committed to his direction for the purpose of protecting effectually the commerce and seamen of the United States against the Tripolitan cruisers on the Atlantic ocean, the Mediterranean, and adjoining seas.

It is foreign to our purpose to give a detailed account of the celebrated Tripolitan war, although it is certainly one of the most romantic as well as heroic chapters in the history of our country; the blowing up of the Philadelphia by Decatur; the gallant self-devotion of Sommers and his noble band in the Intrepid; and the capture of an African city by General Eaton; would each afford ample materials for a volume of description and narrative. Our subject is the Preble medal; and we hasten to notice the gallant exploits which it commemorates. On inspecting the engraved fac simile of the medal itself the reader will perceive that it purports to have been presented by the "*American Congress to the able commander Edward Preble, the defender of American commerce before Tripoli,*

1804." It is generally the case that the day of the month on which a battle was fought is inscribed on the medal which commemorates it. Here we have only the year. The reason of this is, that the Preble medal commemorates not one, but five bombardments of the city of Tripoli, which took place on different days in the months of August and September 1804. These actions are detailed at length in the Naval History of Mr. Cooper; and the narrative of them has all the interest of romance, including as it does many traits of individual bravery, which would do honour to the best days of chivalry. All the officers and men under Commodore Preble's command received the thanks of Congress, and the commander himself was presented with the gold medal of which our engraving presents a copy, executed in the medalion style by Mr. Saxton.

Our limits will permit us to give but one scene in the Tripolitan war. It is a fair specimen of the whole. We copy it from Dr. Harris's Life of Commodore Bainbridge. This gallant officer was a prisoner in Tripoli at the time when Commodore Preble bombarded the city. He had been captured in the unfortunate frigate Philadelphia, and witnessed the several actions from the window of his prison. The following is the account of the first attack.

"An event soon happened which taught the Basha that he was neither so secure nor so powerful as he had fancied himself. On the twelfth of July, 1804, Commodore Preble appeared off Tripoli with a small squadron. On the third of August at three P. M. commenced a tremendous fire between our men-of-war, and the Tripolitan castle, batteries, and gunboats. Shot and shells were thrown into every quarter of the city, causing the greatest consternation among the inhabitants. The firing attracted the attention of the officers to the high grated window of the prison, from which they observed with unspeakable pride, three of the American gunboats bear down in gallant style on the enemy's eastern division, consisting of nine vessels of the same class. As our vessels advanced, a few well directed rounds of grape and musketry were fired, and as soon as the vessels came in contact, our gallant countrymen boarded sword in hand, and after a fierce contest of a few minutes, they captured three of the Tripolitan gunboats; the other six precipitately fled. At the moment of victory Captain Decatur was informed that his brother, Lieutenant James Decatur, had been treacherously shot by a Tripolitan commander after he had boarded and captured him. The fearless Decatur immediately pursued the murderer, and succeeding in getting along side just as he was retreating within the enemy's lines, he boarded with only eleven followers. Decatur immediately attacked the Tripolitan commander, who was armed with spear and cutlass. In the contest, which for a time appeared doubtful, Decatur broke his sword near the hilt. He seized his enemy's spear, and after a violent struggle succeeded in throwing him on the deck.

The Turk now drew from his belt a dirk, and when in the act of striking, Decatur caught his arm, drew from his pocket a pistol, and shot him through the head. During the continuance of this terrible struggle, the crews of each vessel impetuously rushed to the assistance of their respective commanders. Such was the carnage in this furious and desperate battle, that it was with difficulty Decatur

could extricate himself from the killed and wounded by which he was surrounded."

Such are the deeds commemorated by the Preble medal. We cannot believe that they will be deficient in interest for the readers of the Lady's Book. The ladies of our country have ever cherished the fame of its defenders. Our military and naval heroes have ever borne in mind that

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

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THE RAIN KING;

OR,

A GLANCE AT THE NEXT CENTURY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

THE year 1942 was in progress. So many new stars had been added to the flag of the great republic, that Texas, Mexico, and California, Canada, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland were classed among the old, or perhaps among the middle-aged states. And "the cold and the pitiless Labrador," having now the requisite amount of population, had just applied to be taken into the union. Everything required for comfort or for luxury, for use or for ornament, was now cultivated or manufactured at home. Ladies despised French silks, and gentlemen detested English cloths. "West India goods" were effaced from the sign-boards of the Yankee grocers. We were our own West Indies.

The gold and silver mines of the south were energetically worked, and they yielded abundantly. The Carolina planters were no longer obliged to pack up bag and baggage, and run away with their wives and children from the malaria of their own rice-fields. Those unwholesome swamps had long since been drained, and converted into fragrant groves of that all-important shrub whose foliage supplies "the cups that cheer but not inebriate." Old Virginia was at last tired (and very laudably so) of raising what one of our most eminent medical professors annually denounced, in lecturing to his class, as "that infernal weed, gentlemen."

The Florida war was *really* over; the great-grandsons of Tiger-tail, Wild Cat and Short-grass having all come in, and stayed in when they came. Amy Dardin's horse had been paid for; and the Girard College had been finished, and was almost ready to receive the descendants of the orphans whose admission had been contemplated by the Great Disregarded.

In Philadelphia parlance "the far west" was no longer expressive of the region merely beyond Broad street: but it extended two or three miles over Schuylkill, and was made accessible by a dozen beautiful wire bridges. It was a handsome likeness of that portion of the British metropolis denominated the Borough: but being inhabited by persons whose business was to supply the daily and indispensable wants of the community, it, of course, was not considered genteel by the ladies of Philadelphia. Here, however, were located the Rain works, a new establishment: with vast and powerful machinery, so constructed as to produce dense clouds of vapour ready to descend either in showers or in settled rains, as might be expedient.

At this period, intellect, no longer satisfied with

the measured step of a march, was now striding over America: and exemplifying its power in numerous inventions and improvements, such as the preceding age would have deemed it impossible to effect, and insane to imagine. The theory of a certain ingenious and highly scientific philosopher, who flourished towards the middle of the nineteenth century, had now been brought to practical perfection; it having been fully proved by successful experiment that, with the agency of steam power, wet weather might be furnished *ad libitum*—these artificial clouds having all the properties of real ones, except that they could not promise to rain frogs: as even the most minute tadpoles were not light enough to be drawn up and let down by them.

The gentleman who had practically completed this discovery, was a descendant of the *brother* of the great man who first took up the subject—just as Signora Vespucci was descended from the brother of the great Amerigo. He was more fortunate than his learned and scientific predecessor, in living at a time when bank bubbles were exploded, and there was money in the land; therefore he was in no want of the most substantial sort of encouragement. Unlike his great-great-uncle, he rejected not the appellation of the Rain King—the title of king being in the twentieth century bestowed only on persons who had done something to benefit the people. The old sort of kings had become obsolete throughout the civilized world; and princes and lords had had their day. Even in England, the descendants of Queen Victoria's children were now merged into the people, and obliged to get an honest living for themselves.

The rain office was, for the present, located in the lower story of the Universal Institute: a vast marble edifice, whose architecture was of that excursive order distinguished as the pure American. For the advantage of a central situation, this building had been erected near that part of Broad street once occupied by a four-quarter grass lot denominated Penn Square, but now covered with ranges of stores filled with the most fashionable materials for female dress. Here were exposed to sale the foulards, grodenaps, and repeses of New Jersey, that whole state having been laid into mulberry bushes; and care being now taken to provide silk-worms enough to eat the leaves, and cocoaneries enough to contain the silk-worms. The example of Jersey had been followed by some other portions of the union, where the land was sandy and pincy: and

through which it was formerly the custom to convey stage passengers always at night—the widely-scattered inhabitants being ashamed that strangers should see their country in daylight. So great was the change, that dyed cottons had been discarded throughout North Carolina, whose provincial citizens were seen no more in their jay-bird costume of sky-blue coats and aronetta pantaloons. In fact, nearly the whole American community was now “walking in silk attire.”

The fashionable stores above mentioned exhibited the light and elegant *crêpe lisses*, *aerophanes*, *tulles*, *blonds*, and *illusion-gauzes* now manufactured on the banks of the Connecticut; the *mouselines de laine* and *balzelines* of Rhode Island (Newport had revived and become nearly equal to Providence); the *organdies*, painted lawns and fine laces of Massachusetts; not to mention the *embroideries* and artificial flowers of Lowell, where the many thousand young ladies of that wonderful city (having now souls above calico) had long since devoted their talents to the manufacture of articles of taste and elegance.

Chestnut street had for the last fifty years been given up to the confectioners, whose rival palaces standing side by side, evinced that theirs still continued the best business in Philadelphia—a city that, as we learn from an old pamphlet of that period, was even in the days of William Penn “renowned for the excellence of its pies and cakes.”

On the day that the office was opened for the first time, the rain king resolved to take his seat there: anxious to know what effect this great invention would produce on the people. The terms and regulations had been published in the newspapers for a month past. All rains were to be bespoke the day before they were required. All applicants were to explain, upon honour, their reasons for wanting rain. All persons to whom it would cause particular inconvenience, were allowed to appear at the office and remonstrate. The time and quantity of the rain was to be regulated according to the wish of the majority of the applicants. Couriers were in attendance to convey orders from the rain office to the rain works over Schuylkill, these couriers being mounted on velocipedes that, when the impetus was once given, skimmed along without touching the ground: always keeping just three inches above it.

The rain king was this day arrayed in a dark blue frock coat of Mount Holly velvet, with pantaloons of Tuckerton satin, and a vest of Cincinnati cashmere—the shawl-goat having been introduced with great success into the state of Ohio. His shirt-frill was of the finest Pawtucket lace, and his cravat was ornamented with the richest Merrimack embroidery. Now that everything was made on our own side of the Atlantic, and our money no longer sent out of the country for the benefit of foreign manufacturers, nearly all our people could afford to dress well, (even persons of genius,) and it was considered right and proper to do so, by way

of giving employment to our own artisans. Coarse articles were only used for clothing the paupers that were still sent in shoals from Europe.

The rain king was a man of middle age and of middle size. It is unnecessary to praise his looks, for most people were now handsome: thanks to the important improvements in all the arts connected with the preservation of beauty and the modifying of ugliness. There were now dentifrices that preserved the teeth instead of injuring them; and when the operation chanced to be absolutely necessary, tooth-drawing was performed in a manner that made it quite a luxury. There were unguents of such veritable efficacy that bald heads and gray hair became matters of tradition, and the art of making wigs and false curls was entirely lost. There were lotions that *really* smoothed the skin, and emollients that filled up furrows and levelled wrinkles. The surgeons could not only straighten eyes, but they could change light gray orbs into lively black or amiable blue: and could rub dull ones bright, as easily as we can clean our silver. They could pare away a little from noses that were too large, let down the end of one that was too much *retroussé*: and by the help of pincers draw forward a flat nose, and extend one that was too short, with little or no pain. They could partially sew up an extra large mouth, reducing it to reasonable dimensions without leaving the slightest mark at the corners. They could shave off as much of a long chin as was required; and they could cement a piece on to a short one, so nicely that the join would never be perceived.

The rain office opened for the first time at nine o'clock in the morning. Fifty years before, it would have opened at nine in the evening: the English custom of turning night into day having then for awhile been adopted in Philadelphia. But at the present period, it was again the fashion to keep rational hours, and to work by daylight—and Philadelphians always do what is fashionable.

The city clocks were all striking nine in chorus, when the numerous people assembled outside of the rain office began to go in: only one at a time being admitted. The vehicles that brought them were drawn up four a-breast: setting down in Broad street, and taking up in Market street. Carriages impelled by clock-work which could be wound up or stopped at pleasure, were just getting into vogue, and, as yet, were considered very *recherché*. Horses were beginning to be ungentle, and were chiefly confined to cabs. Omnibii had long since been exploded: and would have faded into mere traditions, only that the ruins of two were still extant; the dismantled body of one being joggled every day by the boys in a deserted stable-yard at Kensington: and the other lying on its side near the Navy Yard, overgrown with the dusky leaves and white flowers of the Jamestown weed.

The applicants for rain were admitted one at a time, entering at the Broad street door, and exiting at that on Market street: from the purlieus of which last, the *élite* took particular care to emerge as soon

As possible by turning the first corner they came to. The rain king was seated in the very prince of rocking-chairs: one whose back slid up and down and whose arms expanded or contracted at the pleasure of the sitter, so that it could be made to fit everybody. On each side of him sat a clerk, two trustworthy young men, but dressed merely in Hackensack chaly, with shirt frills of Slabtown blond; their salaries not allowing them to indulge in the rich velvet of Central Jersey and the fine thread lace of Southern Massachusetts.

Place aux dames was still the order of the day, that being a fashion which it is thought the men of America will never relinquish. Therefore the females, as usual, were allowed precedence on this new and important occasion.

The first person that applied at the bureau of the rain office was a very pretty girl of sixteen, Miss Louisa Vigil, who having sat up all last night to finish the new novel of "the Doomed of Dedham" and expecting to do the same to-night with "the Blind Hunchback of Nehashaminy," and having calculated on devouring "the Poisoned Rose of Seekonk" to-morrow (the day announced for its publication) she wished for a hard steady rain that might prevent old Miss Nancy Nethercoat from coming to spend her weekly day. She farther explained that it was impossible to read if Miss Nancy was in the house; the good lady always bringing with her a great bag of Dorcas-work, and expecting all the females of the family to assist her in expediting it. Therefore Miss Louisa bespoke a most inveterate rain, and offered to pay for it liberally out of her own pocket-money.

The young lady had scarcely departed at one door, when Miss Nancy Nethercoat herself came in at the other: and cheapened a fine day for to-morrow, that she might be able to perform her intended visit, and obtain the assistance of dear Mrs. Vigil and her sweet daughters in making up red flannel for emigrant children.

Mrs. Posey, a young married lady, was desirous of engaging a violent and unremitting rain for a week, accompanied with a penetrating east wind, that her dear William who had a slight cold, might be prevented from going to his store, and compelled to stay at home with her.

Mrs. Maintain Thorn, who had for twenty years supported a worthless husband that passed most of his days and nights at taverns, requested a week of fine weather to enable herself and daughters to execute a plan they had formed in absolute desperation. This plan was to give their tormentor the slip, and gradually remove to Germantown: carefully leaving no trace behind, and trusting that it would be a long time, if ever, before he could discover their new abode. One of the rain clerks afterwards heard that these much to be pitied women adroitly effected their purpose, and all got safely and secretly to their Germantown house. But while they were congratulating each other on the success of their enterprise, the old fellow came riding out on the top of the last load of furniture.

A body of small school girls had made up a subscription purse for a heavy rain to last all next day; so as to prevent them from being sent to school and to give them a holiday. To make assurance doubly sure, they wished to know if some sleet could not be thrown into the bargain, just at school time, so as to make it *impossible* for them to walk.

A body of large school girls were earnestly desirous of subscribing for delightful weather all the next day; as their instructors were to give them a gipseying party on the beautiful banks of the Wis-sahicon.

Two domestic companions (as servant girls were now called) had clubbed together to pay for a settled hard rain to pour down from morning till night on the next Monday and Tuesday, that the weekly wash might be delayed, and time afforded them to prepare dresses for a ball which they were to attend in cabs on Tuesday evening.

Three hundred washerwomen sent a deputation to know what would be the charge for ensuring fine weather for ever.

The whole body of cabmen wished to subscribe by the year for perpetual rain.

Mr. Huddleston Henning was willing to pay handsomely for six days rain, that it might prevent his wife from undertaking her quarterly house-cleaning: at which time she and her maids always rode a raid into his library, committing intolerable and unendurable depredations among his books and papers. He did not care how much she scrubbed and whitewashed after *this* week, as he was going on the following Monday to Harrisburgh to apply for a divorce.

The business of umbrella-making and parasol-making being now carried on separately (in consequence of the nice division of labour that characterised the twentieth century) a deputation was sent from the umbrella-makers offering handsome terms for settled rains three days in the week, and sudden showers the other three.

A deputation was sent from the parasol-makers, requesting that the rain king would pay no sort of attention to the umbrella-makers, and privately offering a still handsomer gratuity for continual sunshine. This underhand proposal was considered highly selfish and dishonourable, and their petition was laid on the table.

The storekeepers of Burlington were desirous of bargaining for at least four decidedly rainy days in every week, that the Burlingtonian women might be compelled to purchase of *them* their cotton-spools and tapes, rows of pins and papers of needles, instead of going down to Philadelphia every morning in quest of those articles: and thereby greatly assisting to impoverish a very ancient and highly respectable town, which as yet had not adopted any particular means of enriching itself.

Several market gardeners were urgent for dry weather to bring forward their melons. Several others desired rain for their cabbages.

A farmer offered to pay well for a week's fine weather till he had got in his hay-harvest.

An iron-master offered to pay immensely for a tremendous rain to extinguish a fire that was raging in his pine-forests.

We have given but a slight synopsis of the applications that were made at the rain office on the first day of its opening. People continued pouring in and pouring out till three o'clock; after which hour no more were to be received. On consulting the register it was found that the bespeaks for rain were exactly balanced by petitions against it. In fact there was a tie, and the rain king was puzzled how to act. The clerks, who were very anxious that the pluvial experiment should be tested on a large scale, and extremely curious to see a whole rainy day produced by machinery, hinted the pardonability of straining a point, and having the rain at all hazards. But (unlike *some* directors of public institutions) the rain king was an honourable man, and vehemently opposed to the smallest dereliction from strict integrity. One of the clerks then proposed tossing up a dollar, and trusting to chance. As in these happy days every gentleman *had* a dollar, there was no difficulty in obtaining one for the purpose, as would have been the case a century before. On the contrary, not only the rain king, but each of his clerks, pulled out a handful of them. It was decided that heads should signify rain, and tails fine weather.

Just as the rain king was proceeding to throw up his dollar, one more carriage was heard to stop: and immediately afterwards there was a tap at the door. It was opened, and Mrs. Highflyer, a lady of very great fashion, made her appearance, expensively and modishly drest. She swept directly up to the rain king, and said to him—"I hope I am not too late—I could not think of coming at the same time with the populace, and I knew I could be admitted at any hour I pleased. I wish to explain that I am going to-morrow evening to have a select and splendid party, comprising the very cream of the *élite* of Philadelphia; in short the aristocracy of the aristocracy. To my utter horror I have just received a letter from some of those country cousins whom it is everybody's misfortune to have, informing me that if the weather permits, they purpose to start early to-morrow morning (travelling slowly in their own vehicle, as one of the girls is delicate) and that they will arrive at my house in the evening for a week's visit. There are three sisters and a brother. I took all my children and spent last summer at their farm, for the benefit of fresh fruit, and rich milk, and new-laid eggs; but they need not have been such fools as to think of taking me at my word, when I told them, at parting, I should like to see them in Philadelphia. As for producing them to my super-select friends to-morrow evening, it is quite out of the question. I shudder at the thoughts of their countryfied heads, and their six-months-old finery. And as for keeping them back, that is equally impossible; as the more they know there is a party in the house, the more they will want to be at it. Therefore as their coming depends upon the wea-

ther, I have resolved on bespeaking the greatest rain (particulary for to-morrow) that machinery can produce. Let it be the most driving, the most violent, the most unceasing, the most determined, and the most extensive that can possibly be made; let it pour in torrents for at least thirty miles west of the city. Provided it is first rate, and really stops their coming, I will pay the highest price for it. For if I see one of these Appleshaw faces in my rooms to-morrow evening, I shall run away to Oregon to hide my mortification."

The lady now stopped to take breath; and the rain king, though he did not in his heart approve her motives, was also in his heart glad that her application, at the eleventh hour, had produced a majority of one; and that therefore he could conscientiously order a capital rain for to-morrow, to be continued at discretion during the week.

Next day the machinery was put into extensive operation. At daylight a heavy steam-cloud overspread Philadelphia and the country beyond it, to a great distance; and descended in a long hard rain that lasted all day without intermission, at a vast expense to that ever-regardless-of-expenditure city. Branch clouds had been deputed at the same time to do their duty in New Jersey and Delaware.

The results were not quite so satisfactory to the applicants at the rain office, as they had anticipated. By reading all night at the Doomed of Dedham, and the Blind Hunchback of Nehashaminy Miss Louisa Vigil's eyes had become so inflamed that the great rainy day was wasted; for (though it *did* keep away Miss Nancy Nethercoat and her Dorcas bag) the young lady was entirely unable to get through even one leaf of "the Poisoned Rose of Seekonk."

Mrs. Posey's husband *did* stay home with her during the long rain, and in consequence became tired of his wife.

The little school-girls obtained a holiday; but romped and squabbled and made so much noise, that they were slapped, and shut up by their mothers, and sent crying to bed.

The umbrella-makers had such a run of custom and such a demand for their umbrellas, that their journeymen and journey-women struck for higher wages, and would not be pacified till their requisition was granted.

The maids that dreaded the wash were, it is true, enabled to work at their ball-dresses: but they spoiled them from not knowing how.

The cabmen were gratified by the profits of the long rain; only most of them caught cold, and coughed themselves off their seats.

Mrs. Huddleston Henning *was* prevented by the rain from cleaning her house that week, during which the state legislature suddenly broke up. So Mr. Huddleston Henning could not go to Harrisburgh for his divorce, and had to endure the whole house-cleaning all the *next* week. He locked his library door: but the room being on the ground-floor, his wife and her maids mounted the step-ladder and got in at the window.

There were only two additional cotton-wools, three yards of tape, four rows of pins, and a half-quarter-of-a-hundred needles sold in Burlington on account of the rain; the women preferring to sit idle rather than not go twenty miles and back, for their sewing articles.

The rain *did* prevent Mrs. Highflyer's Appleshaw cousins from coming to town; but it also prevented the choicest of the *élite* from coming to her party. There was to be one still more select, on the following evening at Mrs. Tiptop's; and the *haute noblesse* thought it better to reserve themselves for *that*, than to run the risk of getting rheumatisms, catarrhs, damp feet and splashed dresses by stepping out of carriages in a violent shower, pattering across flooded pavements, and dragging up wet doorsteps.

It was only in one instance that this rain gave unqualified satisfaction to the bespoker; and that was when it extinguished the fire in the pines.

In short it was found every evening, on posting the books, that the applicants for a continuance of fair weather outnumbered those that desired rain. The profits of the enterprize not covering the expenditure, the stock of the rain company fell: and there was much ruinous speculation in consequence.

Natural rains had never occasioned anything worse than submissive regret to those who suffered inconvenience from them, and were always received more in sorrow than in anger. But these artificial rains were taken more in anger than in sorrow, by all who did not want them. The company

was accused of unfair preferences; and there were hints of bribery and corruption.

A loan was obtained at exorbitant interest, but the treasurer of the company ran away with nearly all the money; and is now living in great splendour in California. A confidential clerk was sent to bring him back, but never found him; and the confidential clerk's charges for travelling expenses, loss of time, and loss on the sale of a pair of boots which he found too tight for him, completely swallowed up the remainder of the funds.

The rain king became unpopular, because he had not the miraculous power of pleasing everybody. The rain works are abandoned; and he has gone in the last steam-vessel to China, by the short cut, as it is called, through the ship canal that now unites the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Chinese have succeeded in driving away the English, and in settling down to the stationary state in which they excited the wonder of the world for thousands of years. Their country still requires more irrigation than it receives, and long droughts are still frequent. But though the emperor's edicts generally commence with "Read this and tremble," he announces in them that magic *may* be employed when nothing else will do. Therefore our rain king is studying that ancient and respectable art (an American can turn his hand to anything), and when he has acquired it, and practised it awhile successfully, he will most probably return to his own country: and be able to furnish every individual with exactly as much rain as will suit that individual's own particular purpose, without infringing on the convenience of his neighbour.

THE ROSE.--ATTAR, OR, OTTO OF ROSES.

Ladies' Garland and Family Wreath Embracing Tales, Sketches, Incidents, History, Poetry, Music, e... Jul 1842; 6, 1;
American Periodicals
pg. 0_1



Rosa Bifera Officinalis.

Rosa Meschata.

Rosa Provincialis.

Of all the flowers which adorn the garden, none perhaps exceed the Rose in beauty of form, delicacy of color, or sweetness of perfume; the different species of this flower are exceedingly numerous, amounting to at least sixty, and the varieties are upwards of a thousand.

The Rose has, in all ages, been a favorite with the poet, and it has also formed a part of the decorations at festivals and religious ceremonies. A French writer characteristically observes, "The most populous nations, the mightiest cities, the richest empires, have disappeared from the surface of the globe; the most powerful dynasties have been engulfed in the revolutions and the changes of ages; but a simple flower has survived all these political storms, without suffering a change in its destiny. The homage that was rendered to it three thousand years since, the favor in which it was held, are still the same; no other flower has been so much celebrated for so great a length of time. In almost all languages it is employed as the emblem of beauty, and used to express modesty, innocence, and grace."

In accordance with these feelings of the ancients, a supernatural origin was attributed to it in their heathen mythology, and it was accordingly said to have sprung from the earth on the spot where the blood of Adonis was shed, after his conflict with the wild boar.

In ancient Rome, during public rejoicings, the streets were strewed with roses; and at Baiæ, when festivals were given on the water, the whole of the neighboring lake appeared covered with this lovely flower. It was the practice also to encompass the head, and even the neck, with garlands, composed almost entirely of roses.

A curious custom existed in France, until as late as the middle of the seventeenth century; the different princes and peers, even those of the blood royal, were to present roses to the Parliament of Paris, in the months of April, May, and June. The nobleman whose turn it was to perform this ceremony, caused roses and other sweet-scented flowers to be strewed over all the apartments of the parliament house, and presided at a splendid breakfast, at which the president and counsellors, and even the subordinate officers of the court were present. He afterwards went through each chamber, causing a large silver vessel to be carried before him, containing as many nosegays of roses and other flowers, either natural or artificial, as there were guests present. There was an officer attached to the parliament, with the title of *Rosier de la Cour*, from whom the nosegays which formed these presents were purchased.

This ceremony appears to have been rather an expensive affair, and disputes frequently arose as to its performance, particularly in the case of princes of the blood royal, who, at times, considered they ought, on account of their rank, to have been excused from presiding.

Roses have also been employed at funerals, to cover the coffins of young persons and children, and the friends of the deceased have, at certain times of the year, decorated the tombs of their relatives with garlands of the same flower. At the coronation of the kings of England, a certain number of young ladies precede the procession, scattering flowers as they go. The rose is also employed as a crest, or as a principal bearing in a coat of

arms: we must all remember, in English history, the calamitous Civil Wars, which lasted for many years, between the red and white roses,—the houses of Lancaster and York. In some parts of France, a rose is the prize of the victor in many a village festival.

The sweet scent of this flower naturally attracted the notice of mankind, and a decoction of the flower-leaves, called rose-water, has been in frequent use; it has been employed to sprinkle the interior of religious edifices, and is used in the font at baptisms, by the priests of the Roman Catholic church. But the most beautiful produce of the Rose is the *ATTAR*, or *OTTO*, the essential Oil of Roses. The species most usually employed in the preparation of the Attar are two of those represented in the engraving, the *Rosa Moschata** and the *Rosa Bifera Officinalis*.†

The discovery of the Attar is thus fancifully described. A Mogul princess, with that profusion so peculiar to eastern manners, had caused a kind of basin in her gardens to be entirely filled with rose-water, and was amusing herself on its sweet scented waves with the Mogul Emperor. The heat of the sun had disengaged the essential oil from the water which contained it, and it was observed floating on the surface of the liquid, when its powerful odour was soon discovered.

There are two methods of obtaining the Attar. At Tunis, and in Persia, the Musk Rose is employed for this purpose. The rose-leaves are collected, and placed in a wooden vessel, nearly full of the purest water, which is exposed for several days to the heat of the sun; this disengages the essential oil, which floats on the surface of the water; it is then carefully collected by means of a small piece of fine clean cotton-wool, tied to the end of a stick, from which it is squeezed into small bottles, which are afterwards carefully closed. This *butter of roses*, as it is sometimes called, is of a yellowish tinge, and semi-transparent. It has the property of keeping for a length of time without becoming rancid, and the aroma which it yields is so powerful, that a quantity which would adhere to the point of a needle, is sufficient to perfume an apartment for more than a day.

The second method of preparing it is by distillation. A quantity of fresh roses, say, for example, forty pounds, are put into a still with sixty pounds of water, the roses being left as they are with their *calyces*, but with the stems cut close; the mass is then well mixed together with the hands, and a gentle fire is made under the still; when the water begins to grow hot, and fumes to rise, the cap of the still is put on and the pipe fixed; the chinks are then well luted, and cold water

put on the refrigeratory at the top. A moderate fire is kept up, and the distillation continued till thirty pounds of water have come over, which is generally accomplished in about four or five hours. This rose-water is again poured on a fresh quantity of roses, that is forty pounds' weight, and from fifteen to twenty pounds of water are drawn off as before. The rose-water thus prepared, will, if the flowers have been good, be found highly scented with the essential oil. It is then poured into pans of earthenware, or tinned metal, and left exposed to the fresh air for the night; the *Attar* or *Essential Oil*, will be found in the morning, congealed, and floating on the top of the water; this is to be carefully separated and collected, either with a thin shell or a scummer, and poured into a vial.

The quantity of essential oil to be obtained from the roses is very precarious, as it depends not only on the skill of the distiller, but also on the quality of the roses, and the favorableness of the season. In order to procure as much as three drachms from one hundred pounds' weight of rose-leaves, the season must be very favorable, and the operation carefully performed. The color of the Attar is no criterion of its quality.

* Musk Rose.

† Common Garden Rose.

THE SCIENCE OF KISSING!!

THE AFTER-DINNER TALK OF JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

WHAT glorious times, Oliver, the old Turks must have, sitting, on a sultry day like this, listening to the cool plashing of their fountains, and smoking their chiboques—egad!—until they fall asleep, and dream of dark-eyed Houris smiling on them, amid the fragrant groves and by the cool rivers of a Musselman Paradise. What a pity we were not born in Turkey, you a Bashaw of three tails, and I the Sultaun of Stamboul! How we would have stroked our beards—and smoked our pipes—and given praise to the prophet as we drank our sherbert, spiced, you know, with a *very* little of the *aqua vitæ*, that comfort of comforts to the inner man! We could then have dressed like gentlemen, and not gone about, as we do now, breeched, coated, and swaddled in broadcloth, like a couple of Egyptian mummies. Just imagine yourself in a dashing Turkish dress, with a turban on your head, and a scimitar all studded with diamonds at your side, with which—the scimitar I mean—you are wont to slice off the heads of infidels as I slice off the top of this pyramid of ice-cream—help yourself, for it's delicious! I think I see us now, charging at the head of our spahis against the rascally Russians, driving their half starved soldier slaves like chaff before a whirlwind, and carrying our horse-tails and shouting "Il Allah!" into the very tents of their chieftains. What magnificent fellows we would have made! Ah!—my dear boy—you and I are out of our element. Take my word for it, a Turk is your finest gentleman, your true philosopher, the only man that understands how to live. He keeps better horses, wears richer clothes, walks with a nobler mien, smokes more luxuriously, drinks more seductive coffee, and kisses his wife or ladye-love with better grace, than any man or set of men, except you and I, "under the broad canopy of heaven" as the town-meeting orators have it. And let me tell you this last accomplishment—this kissing gracefully, "*secundum artem*"—is a point of education most impiously neglected amongst us. KISSING is a science by itself. Let us draw up to the window where we can drink in the perfume of the garden, and while you whiff away at your meerschaum, I will prove the truth of my assertion. One has a knack for talking after dinner—I suppose it is because good steaks and madeira lubricate the tongue.

We are born to kiss and be kissed. It comes natural to us, as marriage does to a woman. Why, sir, I can remember kissing the female babies when I was yet in my cradle, and my friend Sir Thomas

Lawrence did himself the honor to paint me at my favorite pursuit, as you know by that exquisite picture in my library. The very first day I went to school I kissed all the sweet little angels there. I wasn't fairly out of my alphabet, when I used to wait behind a pump, for my sweetheart to come out of school, and as soon as I saw her I made a point of kissing her just to see how prettily she blushed. As I grew older I loved to steal in, some summer evening, on her, and kiss her asleep on the sofa—or, if she was awake, and the old folks were by, I'd wait till they both got nodding, and then kiss her all the sweeter for the slyness of the thing. Ah! such stolen draughts are delicious. I would n't give a sous to kiss a girl in company, and I always hated Copenhagen, Pawns, and your other kissing plays, as I hope I hate the devil. They had a shocking custom when I was young, that everybody at a wedding should kiss the bride, just as they all drank, in the same free and easy way, out of the one big china punch-bowl; but the practice always hurt my sensibilities, and I avoided weddings as I would avoid a ghost, a bailiff, or any other fright. No—no—get your little charmer up into a corner by yourselves—watch when everybody's back is turned—then slip your arm around her waist, and kiss her with a long sweet kiss, as if you were a bee sucking honey from a flower. Nor can one kiss every girl. I'd as lief take ipecacuanha as kiss some of your sharp-chinned, icicle-mouthed, lignum-vitæ-faced spinsters—why one couldn't get the taste of the bitters out of his mouth for a week! I go in for your rosy, pouting lips, that seem to challenge everybody so saucily—egad! when we kiss such at our leisure, we think we're in a seventh heaven. I once lived on such a kiss for forty-eight hours, for it took the taste for commoner food out of my mouth "intirely," as poor Power used to say. Oh! how I loved the wide, dark entries one finds in old mansions, where one could catch these saucy little fairies, and, before they were well aware of your presence, kiss them so deliciously. There's kissing for you! Or, to go upon a sleigh ride, and when all, save you and your partner, are busy chatting—while the merry ringing of the bells and the whizzing motion of the vehicle cause your spirits to dance for very joy—to make believe that you wish to arrange the buffalo, or pull her shawl up closer around her, and then slyly stealing your face into her bonnet to kiss her for an instant of ecstasy, while she blushes to the very temples, lest others may catch you at your

sport. And then, on a summer eve, to row out upon the bosom of a moonlit lake, and while one of the ladies sings and all the rest listen, to snatch a chance and laughingly kiss the pretty girl at your side, all unnoticed except by her. Or to sit beside a charmer on a sofa, before a cozy fire on a bitter winter night, and fill up the pauses of the conversation, you know, by drawing her to you and kissing her. But more than all,—when you have won a blushing confession of love from her you have long and tremblingly worshipped with all a boy's devotion,—is the rapture of the kiss which you press holily to her brow, while her warm heart flutters against your side, and every pulse in your body thrills with an ecstasy that has no rival in after life. Ah! sir, that kiss is **THE KISS**. It is worth all the rest.

Next to being born a Turk I should choose to have been born an Englishman in the days of Harry the Eighth. Do you remember how Erasmus tells us, in one of his letters, that all the pretty women in London ran up to him and kissed him whenever they met? That's what I call being in clover. I don't wonder people long for the good old times, for, if all their fashions were like this, commend me to the days of the bluff monarch, when

“thus passed on the time,
With jolly ways in those brave old days,
When the world was in its prime.”

Did you ever attend a children's party, and see the little dears play Copenhagen? The boys seem to have an instinctive knack at kissing their partners, who always show the same modest repugnance—for modesty is inborn in every woman—aye! and flings a glory about her like the halo around a Madonna's head. The very instant one of the young scapegraces gets into the ring, he looks slyly all around it, and there be sure is one little face that blushes-scarlet, and one little heart that beats faster, for well the owner knows that she is in peril. How fast her hands slide to and fro along the rope, and directly the imprisoned youngster makes a dash at her hand, and, missing it, turns away amid the uproarious laughter and clapping of hands of the rest, and essays perchance a feint to tap some other little hand, all the while, however, keeping one corner of his eye fixed on the blushing damsel who has foiled him. And lo! all at once—like an eagle shooting from the skies—he darts upon it. And now begins the struggle. What a shouting—and merry laughing—what cries of encouragement from the lookers on—what a diving under the rope, and over the rope, and among the chairs, mingled with whoopings from the boys, ensues, until the victim has escaped, or else been caught by her pursuer. Sometimes she submits quietly to the forfeit, but at other times she will fight like a young tiger. Then, indeed, comes “the tug of war.” If she covers her face in her hands, and is a sturdy little piece beside, young Master Harry will have to give up the game, and be the laughing stock of the boys, or else set all chivalry at defiance and tear away those pretty hands by force. Many a time, you old curmudgeon, have I laughed

until the tears ran out of my eyes to see a young scoundrel, scarcely breeched, kissing an unwilling favorite. How sturdily he sticks up to her, one hand around her neck, and the other, perhaps, fast hold of her chin; while she, with face averted, and a frown upon her tiny brow, is all the while pushing him desperately away. But the young rascal knows that he is the strongest, and with him might makes right. With eagerness in every line of his face, he slips his arm around her waist, and, after sundry repulses, wins the kiss at last. And then what a mighty gentleman he thinks he is! In just such a scene has my old friend Lawrence taken me off, in that picture, of **THE PROFFERED KISS**, in my library, egad!

It is a great grief to me that so few understand how to kiss gracefully. Kissing is an accomplishment, I may be allowed to remark, that should form a part of every gentleman's education. A man that is too bashful to kiss a lady when all is agreeable, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, is a poor good-for-nothing, a lost sinner, without hope of mercy! He will never have the courage to pop the question—mark my words—and will remain a bachelor to his dying day, unless some lady kindly takes him in hand and asks him to have her, as my friend Mrs. Desperate did. The women have a sly way of doing these things, even if, like a spinster I once knew, they have to ask a man flatly whether his intentions are serious or not; and they are very apt to do this as soon as the kissing becomes a business on your part. But to return to the *modus operandi* of a kiss. Delicacy in this intellectual amusement is the chief thing. Do n't—by the bones of Johannes Secundus!—do n't bungle the matter by a five minutes torture, like a cat playing with a mouse. Kiss a girl deliberately, sir—sensible all the time of the great duty you are performing—but remember also that a kiss, to be enjoyed in its full flavor, should be taken fresh, like champagne just from the flask. Ah! then you get it in all its airy and *spirituelle* raciness. If you wish a sentimental kiss—and after all they are perhaps the spicier—steal your arm around her waist, take her hand softly in your own, and then, tenderly drawing her towards you, kiss her as you might imagine a zephyr to do it! I never exactly timed the manœuvre with a stop-watch, but I've no doubt the affair might be managed very handsomely in ten seconds. The exact point where a lady should be kissed may be determined by the intersection of two imaginary lines, one drawn perpendicularly down the centre of the face, and the other passing at right angles through the line of the mouth. Two such old codgers as you and I may talk of these things without indiscretion; and, it is but doing our duty by the world, to give others the benefits of our experience. Some of these days, when I get leisure, shall write a book called “**KISSING MADE EASY**.” The title—do n't you think?—will make it sell.

Kissing, however, has its evils, for the world, you know, is made up of sweet and sour. One often gets into a way of kissing a pretty girl by way of a flirtation, and ends by tumbling head over ears into love with her. This is taking the disease in its most

virulent form; but—thank the stars!—it is most apt to attend on cases where the gentleman has not been used to kissing. I would recommend, as a general rule, that every one should be inoculated to the matter, for, depend upon it, this is the only way to save them from a desperate and perhaps fatal attack. I once knew a fine fellow—talented, rich, in a profession—whose only fault, indeed, was that he had never kissed anybody but his sister. He had the most holy horror of a man who could so insult the dignity of the sex as to kiss a lady—and, I verily believe, the sight of such a thing, in his younger days, would have thrown him into a fit. At length he fell in love; and as sweet a creature was Blanche Merrión as ever trod greensward, or sang from very gaiety of heart on the morning air. Day after day her lover watched her from afar, as a worshipper would watch the countenance of a saint; but months passed by and still he dared not lift his eyes to her face, when her own were shining on him from their calm, holy depths. Other suitors appeared, and if Blanche had fancied them, she would have been lost forever to Howard, through his own timidity; but happily none of them touched her heart, and she went on her way “in maiden meditation fancy free.” Often, in her own gay style of raillery, would she torment poor Howard about his bashfulness; and during these moments, I verily believe, he would gladly have exchanged his situation for that of any heretic that ever roasted in an inquisitorial fire. A twelvemonth passed by, and yet Howard could not muster courage to express his devotion, and if, perchance, his eyes sometimes revealed his tale, the confession faded from them as soon as the liquid ones of Blanche were turned upon him. If ever one suffered, he suffered from his love. He worshipped his divinity in awe-struck humility, scarcely deeming she would deign to see his adoration. He might have said with Helena,

“thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.”

At length a friend of Howard asked him to wait on him as a groomsman, and who should be his partner but Blanche! Now, of all places for kissing, commend me to a wedding. The groom kisses the bride—and the groomsmen kiss the bridesmaids—and each one of the company kisses his partner, or if any one is destitute of the article he makes a dumb show of kissing somebody behind the door. But the groomsmen have the cream of the business, for it's one of the perquisites of their office that they should kiss their partners, as a sort of recompense for shawling them, and chaperoning them, and paying them those thousand little attentions which are so exquisite to a lady, and which a gentleman can only pay, especially if the lady is grateful, at some peril to his peace of mind. Ah! sir, a bride-maid is a bachelor's worst foe—one plays with edge tools when he waits at a wedding—and though you may dance with an angel or flirt with a Hourie, I'd

never—heaven bless you—recommend you to wait on a girl unless you were ready to marry. Seeing other folks married is infectious, and, before you know it, you'll find yourself engaged. It was a lucky chance for Howard when he was asked to wait on Blanche, for I would stake my life that nothing else could have cured him of his bashfulness. Nor even then would he have succeeded but for an accident. One lovely afternoon—it was a country wedding—he happened to pass by a little sort of summer-house in a secluded spot in the grounds attached to the mansion, and who should he see within but Blanche, asleep on a garden sofa. I wish I could paint her to you as she then appeared. One arm was thrown negligently back over her head, while the other fell towards the floor, holding the book she had been reading. Her long, soft eye-lashes were drooped on her cheek. Her golden curls fell, like a shower of sunbeams scattered through the forest leaves on a secluded stream, around her brow and down her neck; and one fair tress, stealing across her face and nestling in her bosom, waved in her breath, and rose and fell with the gentle heaving of that spotless bust. A slight color was on her cheek, and her lips were parted in a smile the smallest space imaginable, disclosing the pure teeth beneath, seeming like a line of pearl set betwixt rubies, or a speck of snow within a budding rose. Howard would have retreated, but he could not, and so he stood gazing on her entranced, until, forgetting everything in that sight, he stole towards her, and falling on his knees, hung a moment enraptured over her. As he thus knelt, his eyes glanced an instant on the book. It was the poems of Campbell, and open at a passage which he had the evening before commended. Blanche had pencilled one verse which he had declared especially beautiful. His heart leapt into his mouth. His eyes stole again to that lovely countenance, and instinctively he bent down and pressed his lips softly to those of Blanche. Slight, however, as was the kiss, it broke her slumber, and she started up; but when her eyes met those of Howard the crimson blood rushed over her face, and brow, and down even to her bosom, while the lover stood, even more abashed, rooted to the spot. Poor fellow! he would have given the world if he could have recalled that moment's indiscretion. He stammered out something for an apology, he knew not what, yet without daring to lift his eyes to her face. She made no reply. A minute of silence passed. Could he have offended past forgiveness? He was desperate with agony and terror at the thought—and, in that very desperation, resolved to face the worst, and looked up. The bosom of Blanche heaved violently, her eyes were downcast, her cheek was changing from pale to red and from red to pale. All her usual gaiety had disappeared, and she stood embarrassed and confused, yet without any marks of displeasure, such as the lover had looked for, on her countenance. A sudden light flashed on him, a sudden boldness took possession of him. He lifted the hand of Blanche—that tiny hand which now trembled in his grasp—and said,

"Blanche! dear Blanche! if you forgive me, be still more merciful, and give me a right to offend thus again. I love you, oh! how deeply and fervently!—I have loved you with an untiring devotion for years. Will you, dearest, be mine?" and in a torrent of burning eloquence—for the long pent-up emotions of years had now found vent—he poured forth the whole history of his love, its doubts and fears, its sensitiveness, its adoration, its final hope. And did Blanche turn away? No—you needn't smile so meaningly, you old villain—she sank sobbing on her lover's shoulder, who, when at length she was soothed, was as good as his word, and sinned by a second kiss. It turned out that Blanche had loved him all along, and it was only his bashfulness that had blinded him, else by a thousand little tokens he might have seen what, in other ways, it would have

been unmaidenly for her to reveal. Now, sir, months of mutual sorrow might have been saved to both Blanche and her lover, if he had only possessed a little more assurance—he would have possessed that assurance if he had been less finical—if he had been less finical he would not have been shocked at kissing a pretty girl. Isn't that demonstrated like a problem in the sixth book?

I might multiply instances, egad, for fifty years of experience *will* store one's memory with facts, and by the aid of them I could reel off arguments for this accomplishment faster than a rocket whizzes into the sky. *Kissing*, sir—but there goes the supper bell, and I see your meerschaum's out. We will rejoin the ladies, and after taking our Mocha, set the young folks to dancing, while you and I accompany them on the shovel and tongs!—Ta-ra-la-ra!

A SKETCH

OF THE FEVER OF '93.

BY HENRY J. VANDYKE.

"And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation." BYRON.

A DEATH-LIKE stillness reigned throughout the streets of the almost deserted city; and the green grass was springing from the pavements of the once crowded thoroughfares. The hum of business was no longer heard; and even the voice of revelry was hushed in the deep silence of despair. Many a bright eye had become dim, many a fair cheek had grown pale; thousands had fled from the path of the awful pestilence, or been swept to the tomb as with the besom of destruction.

In the stillness of the grassy meadow or the shady woods, where spring scatters her fragrant flowers and her opening blossoms with so bountiful a hand, there is an influence which calms the soul. Each bursting bud, each rustling leaf, each blossom that opens its bright cup to catch the falling dew, speaks a familiar language and teaches a delightful lesson; and the glad music of the happy birds, or the murmuring stream finds an echo in every heart. But when we follow the silent tread of the pestilence through the ruins of departed greatness; when we walk amid the stillness of some deserted habitation, where the spirits of the dead seem still to linger amid the mouldering productions of art, a sadness steals over the heart, and the still, small voice within whispers, "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

The shadows of night once more environed the silent city; and Mary P—— still sat an anxious watcher by the bedside of her husband. With a woman's constancy she had used every exertion to divert the dart of death, and save him from an early grave. But all was vain. The last ties which bound soul and body together seemed to be fast yielding beneath the touch of the pestilence. And now that faithful wife, clasping her sleeping infant to her bosom, sat gazing upon the livid features of the dying man. She spoke not—she wept not. The warmth of her affection, and the violence of her sorrow seemed to have dried the fountain of her tears.

"Mary!" said the dying man, "Mary, my faithful wife, it has been a hard struggle between life and death; but now it is nearly over. I feel that I am dying. May God bless you for your faithfulness, and spare our child for your sake. Fare—." The death-rattle stopped his utterance. One slight convulsion and he was a lifeless corpse.

"Throw out your dead!" cried a gruff voice in the street; and the solemn echo sounded like a summons from the land of spirits. The doleful lumbering of the cart wheels, and the still more doleful call of the rude undertaker died away in the distance.

For awhile the new-made widow sat like a statue of despair. The suddenness of the shock appeared to have transformed her into a second Niobe. At length she arose, and laying the infant in its cradle, drew nearer to the dead. She laid her small, white hand upon his marble brow.

"Cold! cold!" she exclaimed, and casting herself upon the corpse, found relief for her feelings in a flood of tears.

Death is at all times the "king of terrors;" but never does he appear so terrible as when he cuts down one in the strength and pride of early manhood. When the infant, around whose young heart the tendrils of earthly affection have scarcely begun to twine, sinks beneath the dart of the destroyer, we do not wonder that one so tender should yield to his power; and we commit the corpse to the voiceless tomb, with the assurance that the spirit has returned to the God who gave it. Or, when the feeble frame of one who has drank the cup of life to its dregs, is laid in the grave, we may rejoice, even amid tears, that his pilgrimage is ended, and that one who was weary of the world now sleeps with his fathers. But oh! when the young heart that is beating in unison with kindred hearts suddenly grows cold and still; when the hopes of early manhood are scattered like withered leaves; and we are called to weep around the corpse of one who a short time since looked forward to a long and happy life, how hard is it to realize that he is dead! how sadly do we feel the frailty of the thread of life—the mockery of human expectation.

The rays of the morning sun looked through the windows of that abode of wretchedness. The young widow had knelt beside the bed of him who lately was her husband, and was pouring out her soul in humble prayer to the father of the fatherless and the widow's friend.

Ye who would sap the foundation of Christian confidence—ye who would confine the life of the soul to the flight of three score years and ten, and write "death is an eternal sleep" upon the tombs of the departed—could ye have seen the smile of hope that beamed from that grief-worn, but still lovely countenance, ye would say with us—"if the faith of the Christian be a delusion, it is a pleasant dream: let us indulge it. Better to follow even an ignis fatuus as we pass through the gloomy valley of affliction, than grope our way amid the darkness of doubt and despair!"

The widow arose, and took her child in her arms again. The frail, innocent being in whom now centered all her earthly hopes, looked up into her face and smiled—smiled because its pure spirit had not yet felt the blight of sorrow—it had not yet tasted the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge.

Wrapping herself and child in a cloak, the mother passed through the door, over whose portal the cobwebs

hung in thick festoons, and hastened along the silent street. She turned up a narrow alley, and knocked at the door of the only house which appeared to be inhabited. After the summons had been many times repeated, it was opened by a black man, who, in a tone of mingled joy and surprise, exclaimed,

"God bless you, mistress, are you still alive? how is master?" She replied in a low tone. The negro shook his head, and muttered something about the pestilence.

"What!" said she, with great vehemence, "would you have a Christian man thrown into a hole like a dog? No, he shall have a decent burial if I dig the grave myself."

"Well!" said the other, seeming to muster all his courage, "fever or no fever I'll come, and if I take it, God have mercy on me; for I couldn't die in a better service."

"At dark to-night," said she, holding out a purse, "have a boat and spade on the wharf, and come up to carry down the body."

"I want no money," said the negro, "it won't keep off the plague," and he refused the proffered reward.

Time is not checked in his onward course by the hand of death; nor diverted from his path by the breath of pestilence. The voice of sorrow, and the tears of grief have no influence upon his iron soul. The charnel house has no dread for him. He lays his withering hand upon the fairest blossoms of earthly affection, and rears the fragrant flower upon the lowliest grave. He twines the green laurel around the mouldering column, and sits a relentless conqueror amid the ruins of fallen empires.

Time rolled on; and once more scattered the bright stars over the canopy of night. "Night is the time to weep;" to watch the last struggle of departing life; to smooth the pillow of the bed of death; and I have often thought that the midnight hour is the most fitting time to perform the last office of affection to the dead.

* * * * *

The negro raised the corpse upon his shoulders; and the widow, with her orphan child in her arms, followed his hurried footsteps to the water's edge. In a frail skiff they crossed the river, and in the sands of the opposite shore they dug his lowly grave. With her own hand the faithful widow assisted to lay him in his narrow house; and when the earth had embosomed the object of her affections, she sat down and wept.

Oh! the power of a woman's love!

Original.

THE FORGERY.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

It was on a stormy night in the month of December, 1814, in the city of London, in a small chamber of an old and considerable sized dwelling, that an aged man lay at the eve of dissolution. At his bed side sat an individual of middle life, who, by the faint light of a lamp, was reading from a tattered bible some passages suitable to the sufferer's condition, but the latter appeared neither to listen to nor regard him, but occasionally would repeat to himself, wild and incoherent phrases, and pointing with his finger to some object which his fevered imagination presented to his view, would exclaim, "There, there, 'tis he—my boy—my William—the will, the will!" and with a faint effort, endeavor to grasp a parchment which lay upon a table a short distance from the bed; but this the attendant resisted with a force by no means betokening a kindly feeling for the invalid's condition. In vain did the old man again and again essay to possess himself of the document, and again and again was he resisted, 'till at length nature became exhausted—his eyes rolled wildly—the death rattle sounded fearfully in his throat—a strong convulsive shudder passed over him—a deep and long drawn sigh burst from his bosom, and the spirit had fled to Him who gave it.

For some time Dunraven, for such was the name of the attendant, sat gazing upon the corpse, and it was only by the bible falling from his hands, that he was recalled to consciousness. He started to his feet—the lamp was fast waning—with a stealthy pace he moved toward the door, and placing his ear to the key-hole, listened if any one was near. Silence reigned every where, save when the wild and fitful howlings of the tempest swept over the mighty Babylon, whose dwellers were wrapped in midnight slumber.

"So, all is safe," muttered Dunraven, turning the key in the lock; "now for the accomplishment of my purpose;" then returning to the table, he took up the parchment, and gazing keenly and anxiously upon its contents, a dark shadow passed over his face like the thunder cloud over that of nature; the next instant his keen grey eyes flashed from beneath his eyebrows, like the beams of lightning, and a demoniac smile lighted up his features while he exclaimed, "Now I am secure; we want but thy signature, dead Mamon," addressing himself to the body, "and thou shalt give it, too;" then seizing the corpse, he propped it up in bed, and laying before it the parchment, took from an old dusty inkstand the stump of a pen, and placing it in the fingers of the dead, guided the cold hand over the parchment 'till the name of *Kenton*, that of the deceased, was defined in legible characters.

"Good! excellent!" he joyously exclaimed, as he snatched the paper from before the body, which rolled still and lifeless over on its face. "Why, the very fingers seemed to move mechanically to my purpose. Now, proud world, the scorned, neglected and aspiring

Dunraven, shall yet be honored and respected. What though I have beggared his boy—was he not discarded by his parent? and though on his death bed he did relent, and restore him to his favor and his riches, he knew not of it. For years has he been a wanderer in a foreign land, unheard of, nay, perhaps no more. No matter, the deed is done. Dead men tell no tales;"—and placing the false will in the secret drawer of the desk, he departed from the house, to inform the relatives.

His obsequies were brief, the friends and kinsmen paid more respect to his wealth than his memory, and the same day that the body was consigned to the grave, was the will of Kenton opened. Judge of the surprise of all when it was found to contain a clear and distinct conveyance of the whole of his immense wealth to Dunraven; not even was the smallest sum appropriated to the purchase of mementoes for his nearest and dearest relatives. By some of them, the validity of the will was questioned, but their suspicions were speedily quieted by the evidence adduced of two witnesses, who swore that they had legally subscribed to the same, while the lawyer who had been commissioned to frame the document, substantiated it in every particular.

We may as well here premise that Kenton, feeling the approach of death, had directed Dunraven to employ an attorney to draw out a will in favor of his only son, whom he had disinherited, owing to his wild and extravagant propensities. In place of this, Dunraven had caused it to be drawn in favor of himself, and in the event of the fraud succeeding, was to pay to the attorney a certain sum, who was also to procure two witnesses to attest the same. The signature of Kenton he undertook to procure himself. How he did procure it we have shown.

We shall now change the scene to the plains of Waterloo—on that eventful day when the preponderating fate of France and England was decided—when the mighty destroyer of his species, the subduer of Europe, the modern Attila, who stopped not for the cries of the widow and the fatherless in his bloody march to the throne of ambition, was hurled from the summit of power, and quailing before the arms of the allied forces, fled, stricken, humbled and nerveless, from that memorable field.

Night had settled over the scene of carnage, where, but some few hours before, the clash of sabre, the platoon of musketry, the roar of artillery, the shock of encountering squadrons, the cries of vengeance, and the shout of conquest, rent the heavens like the last hour of departing nature. Now, the bland blue sky was smiling over all, the diamond lights of heaven were emitting their glorious brilliance, and the sickle moon was reaping the fleecy clouds as they swept past her on the wings of the summer wind. Man, horse and rider, dead and dying, were scattered over the field. Alone, and by the margin of a little streamlet whose waters were yet red with the blood of battle, a wounded soldier was reclining, faintly essaying to cool his fevered brow and parched lips. He was a tall and handsome man, of about thirty summers, and wore the uniform of

a British soldier. Ever and anon he raised himself upon his elbow, casting an anxious glance over the plain. "Not yet! not yet!" he would despondingly utter to himself. "Will she never come—can any calamity have befallen her—what can detain her?" then falling back, would give vent to his agony in deep and audible groans. At last a solitary figure was seen wending its way among the masses of the slain. It was a young and beautiful female, habited in the peasant costume of sunny France. In her hand she carried a little basket, while, at every few steps, she would pause, and sweetly sing the burden of a plaintive ditty, then, for a few moments, listen, as if expecting it would be answered by some one near. And she was not deceived; that young and wounded soldier caught the well known strain, and in a faint yet melodious voice, repeated the burden. A scream of joy burst from her lips, and hurrying to the spot, she fell upon his bosom exclaiming with feeble utterance, "My William, he yet lives. Thank God, his Jeanette has happy!"

By degrees, as well as the wounded condition of the young man would admit of, he restored her to consciousness. Her first care was then to staunch the blood which yet trickled from his wound, and administer to him such restoratives as her basket afforded. Sweet and happy were those moments; the pain of the soldier was forgotten in the embrace of the true-hearted woman, and her doubts and fears were relieved in finding her William yet living. Yes, there, on the field of battle, with the slain around them, and the groans of the wounded ringing in their ears, the young wife and husband luxuriated in the raptures of love. The gloom of despondency which had hung over them when he departed for the conflict, was dispelled, and the star of hope, burned brightly in the heaven of their hearts.

All that night did the fond wife busy herself in endeavoring to recruit the exhausted strength of her husband, and her efforts were crowned with success. He soon sank into a sound slumber, pillowed upon the breast of his virtuous helpmate, and when he awoke, the sun was bursting the portals of the orient, and he felt the stream of health once more bounding through his bosom.

"God be praised," he fervently ejaculated. "I have passed through the furnace; but come, my Jeanette, let us leave this scene of horror. The sight makes me sick at heart."

Three miles from the plains of Waterloo, in a little valley through which the same stream meanders, by which Jeanette had found her husband, stood a little rustic cottage, the abode of an humble, honest, kind-hearted couple. To them Jeanette was distantly related, and thither they directed their steps. It is hardly necessary to say they were received with all the hospitality and kindness their narrow circumstances afforded. For some months there they sojourned, 'till William had recovered considerably from his wounds, and he, with others, after peace was restored to bleeding France by the abdication of Napoleon, received his discharge from the army without one farthing of provision for his future days.

"They who had
Shed their blood for others' great renown,
Couched on the earth, to yield the lord his down,
Froze at the north, and burned beneath the zone,
To guard the honor of old England's throne."

The young couple had been only shortly allied before the period of our story, at Brussels, where William was residing in attendance upon the officer of his regiment, and where he happened to become acquainted with Jeanette. She was the daughter of a poor but honest widow, who, in the neighborhood of the city, occupied a small cottage, and by the labor of their hands, supported themselves in a comfortable and independent manner. The beautiful face and figure of Jeanette soon made a powerful impression upon the heart of the young man; and she felt that the handsome soldier of Britain was not indifferent to her. Their courtship was brief, and three months before the battle, their marriage had been only consummated.

Thus circumstanced—a stranger—a very enemy in a foreign land—with a young, fond, confiding wife, and without the slightest means of support, or gifted with any profession by which he could procure the common necessities of life, it may be easily imagined that the heart of the young man became a prey to despondency; added to all, the mother of Jeanette, had died shortly after their marriage, and the little effects which belonged to her, had been sold, to pay the expenses of her last illness and funeral. The cottage had also been rented by another party, and thus William and his wife became the children of poverty.

Desperate and penniless, he resolved once more to seek the shores of England, to visit his wealthy father, to present to him his wife, and seek to be restored again to his favor. He doubted not but that the old man's heart would melt at the sight of the pretty Jeanette, his daughter-in-law, and that if he did not altogether make him his heir, he would, at least, supply him with means to live by, 'till such time as he could earn a subsistence by his own exertions. His intentions being imparted to Jeanette, together they bade farewell to the kind couple who had straitened themselves to afford them a shelter; and with his knapsack scantily filled with his own and his wife's clothing, a few francs in his pocket, a hoping heart, and Jeanette upon his arm, he took the high road to Brussels.

We will not follow them through their journey; suffice it to say, it was a tedious one. William was still weak from the effects of his wound, and his wife gave signs that she would soon become a mother. At length they reached the coast, where, through the kindness of some fishermen, they were placed upon the shores of England. By slow journeys they passed on to London. To poor Jeanette's eye, every thing appeared singularly strange. The pretty cottages embowered in their groves of plumb and apple blossom—whole plains of the luxuriant and graceful hop vine, extending as far as the eye could reach—the noble castles "of the princes of the land"—the substantial and comfortable dwellings of the Kentish yeomen—the antiquated villages, with their still more antiquated churches, overgrown with the dark green and never-fading ivy, some with their spires

towering into the welkin, tipped with the golden fires of heaven, others with the plain turrets in which might be seen the dim and rusty dial plate of the horologe, which, for ages, had measured the flight of time—the heavy and lumbering wagon, with its team of stalwart horses, slowly rumbling over the firm and level road—the gay equipage of the great—the jovial post boy with his chaise and pair, flying like Mercury along—the royal mail, with its four dashing bloods, and its guard sending the blast of his bugle over hill, dale and plain—the halloo of the huntsman, and the bay of the beagle—the lark poised midway between heaven and earth, carolling his lay of love and joy—the rivers flashing in the sun, the yellow harvest bending in fullness over the fertile soil, all, all giving tokens of the beauties and bounties of a gracious Providence.

It was on an autumnal evening when our travellers came in sight of the British metropolis. The setting sun was gilding the spires, domes, towers and turrets with its beams—old father Thames was rolling along like a river of molten gold to the ocean, laden with the wealth of every kingdom—the distant hum of the city fell solemnly upon the ear, while over all hung the usual dense and murky exhalation. William Kenton involuntarily stood still, for every object was associated with some reminiscence of his boyhood, and spoke as household gods in his bosom's sanctuary. The very wild flowers which pranked the turf, seemed to welcome him again to the land of his fathers, reminding him of those happy hours when the sunlight of innocence shed its halo around him, and the darkest clouds that obscured it, were the too early approach of the shadows of evening.

"Jeanette," he at length said, "behold the end of our journey. In that city resides my father, a rich but a miserly man, whose heart is shut against me, because, like him, I would not sacrifice every principle and feeling to the accumulation of gold—for that, I was compelled to leave my home, to seek a living in the ranks of my country, and my reward has been neglect and poverty, yet I repine not, for it was the blessed chance that led me to thee. We must now try to win our way to his heart, and surely if the smile of innocence, and the words of virtue can effect it, thou wilt be successful."

The young wife could not reply, but only fell upon the bosom of her husband, while her feelings were loosened in a gush of tears. William kissed them from her sunburnt yet beautiful cheek, and continuing their route, in a short time they were in the streets of London.

Onward they went; street after street appearing and diminishing, but alas! nature could no longer support the unhappy Jeanette; the pangs of labor seized upon her, and sinking on the portico of a fashionable dwelling, the poor creature lay exhausted and insensible.

Reader, wert thou ever in that mighty Babylon where self reigns predominant, where the riches of nations are gathered together by the hands of the poor and the laborious, for the gratification of the proud, where wealth is paramount to talent, where poverty is de-

spised, and the supplication of wretchedness disregarded? hast thou ever stood there a stranger, in the midst of that ever busy throng, and found in not one face, a friend or friendly welcome? hast thou experienced that loneliness of heart which is so singularly felt in the crowded mart, and when, perhaps, prosperity has withdrawn her smiles from thee? If thou hast, then mayest thou judge of the pangs of William Kenton's bosom. And there he stood a stranger in the city of his birth, a disbanded soldier, than whom, in the eyes of his countrymen, (most singular,) there is not more despised or neglected being, weeping over his suffering wife, and in vain, from the passers-by, soliciting their charitable assistance.

At length "a kind Samaritan" was arrested by the sufferings of Jeanette, and the earnest pleading of the husband so unlike the language of the common mendicant and impostor who at every quarter meet you. She inquired the cause, and finding that she was indeed an object of commiseration, although poor herself, she at once proffered her the shelter of her home, which, luckily was in the immediate neighborhood. Having procured a conveyance, Jeanette was taken to her residence, and ere the morning, she had given birth to a child.

Thus situated, the husband felt it his imperative duty to seek at once his father, and demand assistance if he would not willingly afford it to him. With a beating heart and trembling steps, he gained his parental dwelling. The street was still the same, narrow, dingy and dull; few changes had taken place among its inmates, yet so changed was William Kenton, that he was recognized by none. He reached the door from which he had many a time issued a bright eyed, rosy, laughing boy, and lastly when he went forth into the world with a proud and hoping heart, to win a name or perish, despising the sordid wishes and threats of his father. Alas! how fallacious are the visions of youth.

He raised the knocker with a trembling hand, as it dropped against the door, the sound fell upon his heart like the knell of death. An old and withered woman responded to the call.

"Is Mr. Kenton at home?" falteringly inquired William.

The old woman stared with astonishment, and it was only on his repeating the question that she informed him that seven months before Mr. Kenton had died.

"Dead!" gasped William, catching hold of the door way to prevent him from falling.

"Yes, young man, dead, and in his grave. Heaven rest his soul," mumbled the old woman.

"Amen!" ejaculated William. "And to whom was entrusted the settlement of his affairs?"

"To Mr. Dunraven, a good man, and a kind one," I can testify."

"To whom?" shouted William, the recollection of the man at once flashing upon his mind, and who had ever suspected of being mainly instrumental in turning against him the heart of his father.

"To Mr. Dunraven of Oxford street," repeated the woman terrified at his strange manner.

"Enough," said William, and turning from the door, at once pursued his way to the residence of Dunraven.

He soon reached the dwelling, and inquiring for Mr. Dunraven, was, with difficulty admitted to his presence, the servant being unfavorably impressed by his haggard appearance. He found "the man of riches" seated at breakfast in a handsome parlor, with every luxury of fashionable life surrounding him. He started at the sight of William in his old and decayed regimentals, and dropping the newspaper which he had been perusing, inquired of him his business.

"I am the son of the late Mr. Kenton," answered William, briefly, "and have called to make inquiry concerning his decease and effects."

Had the old man himself appeared before him, he could not have been more confounded. He sprang to his feet, but suddenly recollecting himself, coolly replied, "It was my sorrowful fate, sir, to pay to him in his last illness, those attentions which his son should have paid, and in gratitude for which, he bequeathed to me all his worldly effects."

"Liar!" shouted William. "He did not—could not—narrow as was his heart, it still had a corner for his child. Show me the will, I command you."

Dunraven spoke not, but walking to the fireplace, rang the bell, and the servant entering, he desired him to "show that man to the door," pointing to William.

"When I have seen my father's will, and not 'till then, shall I depart from this dwelling," said William. "I feel conscious that he could not have acted so unfeelingly, and also convinced that by you, sir, foul play has been done me."

"By me, sir!" said Dunraven, assuming an air of offended dignity.

"Yes, sir, by you. I know you well; you have the tongue of an angel, but the heart of a devil. In my very boyhood, you were ever a blight to my happiness; my smallest fault was magnified by you to the greatest crime, and when, at last, I spurned the shackles of hypocrisy and avarice, which my weak parent, at your suggestion, wished to coil around me, you were the first to advise him to shut against me his paternal door. From that moment I have been a wanderer over the earth—have toiled, sought and fought for an existence, and now, when I return to ask his forgiveness, I find he is dead, and that you, sir, are his sole inheritor. Oh! sir, it is too much. It bears upon it the mark of absurdity; nay, I hesitate not to say of *imposition*; but let me behold the document; then, and not 'till then, will I believe that he has behaved so unnaturally."

"Do, sir, as I order you. Turn that ruffian out of doors."

"Let him dare to place a finger upon me," cried Kenton, furiously, "and he shall bite the floor on which he stands." The servant moved not, and Dunraven becoming exasperated from the bold and determined bearing of William, advanced himself, and seizing him by the collar, endeavored to eject him from the apartment.

As quick as lightning did the young man free himself from his hold, and the next moment the man of "ill-gotten gain" lay sprawling upon the floor.

The noise alarmed the household, and in an instant was the apartment filled with domestics. Surmise and consternation seized on all of them. William, almost unconscious, passed from the apartment without opposition, and lost in his feelings, mechanically retraced his steps to the charitable abode where lay his wife and new born offspring.

By degrees Dunraven was restored to sensibility, yet so bewildered did he feel, that for some time he scarcely recollected the events which had transpired. At length they flashed fully upon him, and revenge rising superior to every other feeling, he gave command that the intruder and assaulter should be ferretted out by the minions of the law.

To those who are acquainted with the vigilant spirit of the London police, it is almost needless to say that Kenton was soon discovered, and Dunraven having sworn that the assault was coupled with an attempt at robbery, he was committed to await his trial at the next assizes. Poor Jeanette and her infant, through the humanity of the kind woman who had afforded her shelter, as well as several of William's relations, who pitied their condition, and despised the memory of the mercenary Kenton, was comforted and supported while her husband lay in prison.

At length the time arrived. It was a dull and drizzly morning; a heavy gloom hung over the city, and the light which struggled through the grated window of the prisoner's cell, fell on his heart like the last rays of existence. At an early hour he was taken from the prison, and placed before his judges, stern, yet honest men, who listened attentively to the accusation against him. While the allegation referred only to the assault, Kenton remained indifferent, but when the crime of robbery was also adduced, sense seemed to forsake him, his heart swelled as if it would have burst his bosom, all pulsation ceased, sight forsook him, and but for the officer in attendance, he would have fallen upon the floor. Witness after witness was examined, all of whom substantiated the assault, Dunraven, alone, adding to his evidence the attempt at robbery.

One witness was only wanted to finish the evidence, and that one was to speak in favor of the character of the prisoner. He had been an old servant in the family of Kenton, and was discharged principally because he had been the friend of William, and opposed the harsh measures of the father to the son, as also, that he was noxious to the machinations of Dunraven. This old man, by name Kenneth, was acquainted with every circumstance of the family, and although discharged, yet he fondly regarded the old house, not a creak, cranny, or stone of which but was to him familiar; and a certain portion of every day he spent in the neighborhood, looking at and wandering around it. At the funeral of Kenton he was present and could not but suspect on hearing of the will that foul dealing had been busy with it. After the house had been closed,

old recollections tempted him to gain once more admittance. This was not difficult, and late one evening having effected an entrance, he wandered through the solitary and dirty apartments. In the chamber where the old man had died and which up to his last illness was never entered by any individual, save Dunraven, Kenneth seated himself—his eye wandered over every well known article, 'till at last it rested upon the bed in which the miser had breathed his last. His suspicion had been excited by having seen the old man frequently enter that apartment with large bundles of documents but which he never again brought out with him. There was no desk, escrutoire, or cabinet in it, and he naturally concluded there must be some secret closet in which he deposited them, yet now he saw no evidences of such a place. The walls were naked and not a mark betokening an aperture of any kind was visible. The little table and the few old skeleton chairs were still there, the bed alone presented an appearance of *substance*. It was of oak, solid, massive and richly carved; and apparently had belonged to some wealthy family in olden times. Closely and keenly did Kenneth scrutinize it—conjecture was busy in his brain—he approached it and gently upturned the mattress. Judge of his surprize when he beheld the bottom of the bed presenting the form of a box, with a lid in which was a key-hole. He struck his hand upon it, it sounded full and heavy, he essayed to open it but it resisted all effort. Looking more closely, he perceived beneath the key-hole a small piece of iron resembling the head of a large nail,—bright and smooth as if from frequent use, he pressed his finger upon it, and to his astonishment the lid was loosened from its catch. He threw it open and there to his wondering eyes lay piles of parchments and papers, bags of coin of every country and denomination; in short, every species of wealth which could be conveniently stowed away,—that bed had been the old man's altar—the god of his idolatry—the theme of his prayer—the spirit of his dreams—his heart—his bier!

For several minutes Kenneth stood irresolute and wondering. At length he ventured to decypher the inscriptions of the documents, and among them to his joy he read "The Will of Jonathan Kenton—1814." He opened it, and with a trembling heart and a strained eye found that it was in favor of his son, William, bequeathing to him the whole of his immense wealth, with the exception of a few legacies to be paid out of it to his nearest and poor relations. Old Kenneth wept for happiness. "Ah! my old master," he said to himself, "I knew that you had a narrow heart, but that you ever dearly loved your son. Thank heaven, I have been made the instrument of this discovery, but I must not as yet make it known, I must let Dunraven for a while enjoy his ill-gotten wealth. I must let him mount to the very pinnacle of his pride, so that his fall may be the greater. There—let me return the document to its place of concealment. The time is not far distant when the hypocrite and the villain shall be unmasked, and the heir restored to his rightful possessions." Having returned the parchment to the bed and placed every

thing exactly as he had found it, he left the apartment as he had entered.

In this state for some months affairs continued, with the exception of the old female whom I have introduced to my reader, in her interview with young Kenton, and who had been placed in the house by Dunraven for its preservation, a circumstance which was of great advantage to old Kenneth, who failed not to ingratiate himself into her good graces, and every day under the pretence of a friendly visit saw and heard how matters were progressing.

But we must return to the court-house, where we left William at the bar, and the last witness about to give his evidence in his behalf. That witness, as we have made appear, was Kenneth.

He had been placed in the witness-box, and calmly awaited the questions of the prosecuting counsel. William, at the appearance of his old friend burst into tears, and Kenneth could not refrain from also giving vent to his feelings; at length the advocate demanded:

"Do you know the prisoner now at the bar?"

"I do!" answered Kenneth.

"How long have you known him?"

"Since he was a babe in the arms of his mother."

"You know then that he was ever of a turbulent disposition, so much that his father had to forbid him his home."

"I do not!"—indignantly answered Kenneth—"but I have reason to believe that his father's ear was poisoned against him by his accuser."

"This is neither the place nor time, sir," said the counsel, "for such remarks."

"The only place," replied Kenneth, waxing more and more indignant—"when I see an honest man accused of the crime of theft by a hypocrite and *forgér*."

The last word fell on the ear of Dunraven like a bolt of lightning—every muscle in his body was unstrung—his face grew ashy pale, and he could not bear to look upon the court, prisoner, or Kenneth, but let his eyes fall visionless upon the ground.

"Silence, sir," shouted the counsel—you are here to answer, not to traduce the character of the prosecutor."

"That is impossible!" said Kenneth, with an imperious air of determination, "he is too black for any remark of mine to make him blacker."

At length the counsel finding that Kenneth was not to be intimidated, resorted to the *sauveteur in modo*.

"You never knew the prisoner, accused or guilty of any crime?" was the next interrogatory.

"Never!" was the reply.

"But you know that for some fault his father disinherited him."

"I do not."

"Have you not heard the testimony of the witnesses who have preceded you—and also seen the will whereby Mr. Dunraven was made the sole heir of Mr. Kenton's property, and his son, the prisoner at the bar, excluded from all right, title or interest whatever in the same?"

"I have certainly seen such a document purporting as much, but I know it to be a false one—I know also

the contents to be a fabrication, and I hesitate not to say it is a bold and wilful *forgery*, which I can substantiate by facts and by my oath in the presence of God and this assembled multitude."

All eyes were turned to the witness—who stood there with his white locks flowing over his shoulder, his fine old manly features glowing with the fire of virtuous indignation—his heart bold in the confidence of right, and his hand raised aloft as if appealing to the throne of God. A breathless silence reigned throughout the court. The prisoner started to his feet. Dunraven endeavored to conceal his emotion by conversing with his counsel, but a volcano was raging in his heart, and he would have gladly returned the whole of his ill-acquired wealth could he at that moment have escaped from the glance of the court.

One of the judges now interrogated Kenneth—for it was plain from the earnest manner of the old man, that there was some secret of permanent importance to the case, yet to be revealed.

"You speak boldly witness—remember, that if what you have advanced, you cannot firmly substantiate, you will suffer punishment," said the judge.

"I am willing it shall be the punishment of death," replied Kenneth, "if I do not prove every particle of my assertion."

The counsel would here have interposed, but was overruled by the court, inasmuch that if a forgery could be proved having been committed by Dunraven, and which was injurious to the prisoner, it might be accepted of as palliating the greatness of the assault.

"You say," continued the judge "that the document which was this day produced in the court and which now lies before you, is a *bold and wilful forgery*."

"I do!" answered Kenneth.

"Produce the proof, then. Now is the time to benefit the prisoner."

"The proof—that is—the true document is not in my possession—but I can direct you to where, in a few minutes you can obtain it. Or, if it please you, send me in the custody of officers and I will lead them to the place—where lies the true and only will which Kenton ever made in his lifetime."

"Do it so!" answered the judge. "Conduct the witness to where he says—in the meantime let no one leave the court, we will suspend the proceedings 'till his return."

The dwelling of the deceased stood but a short way from the court-house, and the document was soon procured. A seal was placed upon the *bed escrutoire*, if it may be so designated, and an officer left in possession of the house while Kenneth and the others returned to court.

The true and false wills were compared and the real one proved. The very lawyer who had drawn out the *counterfeit* document happening to act for Dunraven in the present instance, being interrogated by the court, to save himself, acknowledged that he had been employed by Dunraven to frame such a document, but that he knew nothing more of it. The witnesses and the signa-

ture of Kenton having been obtained *he believed* by Mr. Dunraven himself. The two witnesses were soon ferretted out; their guilt and that of Dunraven made clear as the sunshine, and young Kenton was acquitted without the jury leaving the box.

Two months after this, a large crowd was assembled before the prison called the Old Bailey, and I among them to gratify a morbid curiosity of beholding a fellow creature suffer the last penalty of the law. The condemned was Dunraven, who had been tried for the crime of forgery, and found guilty. The prison clock tolled the hour of eight. The sheriff and officers of justice appeared upon the scaffold, the culprit pale, haggard and trembling ascended the drop—the noose was placed around his neck—the loathsome cap drawn over his features—the signal given and the unfortunate wretch hung writhing and quivering between heaven and earth—a victim of a *bloody code*, now, thank heaven, abolished.

William, with his lovely and faithful wife, is now living in happiness and affluence. Old Kenneth has not been neglected—the honest couple with whom Jeanette and William after the battle sojourned, have been bettered in their condition, and the good woman, who afforded them shelter and assistance in their hour of trial in London, needs no longer to fear the frowns of poverty. A young and beautiful offspring sport around Jeanette and William, while he ever blesses the happy hour when he wooed and won Jeanette, the peasant girl of Belgium.

Original.

THE FUTURE.

It has been said that "he who is content, will smile upon a stool, while Alexander weeps upon the throne of the world." The sentiment may be true; yet we have rare examples of perfect contentment. Human ambition is seldom satisfied. The aspirations of the soul rarely cease till death cuts down the aspirant. Disappointment cannot quench the ardors of a mind intently set upon the acquisition of happiness. Defeat often adds intensity to desire, and multiplies the objects of hope. Hence our sanguine anticipations of the future.

The human mind, ever restless, ever planning, tarries not to converse with passing scenes, but seeks to penetrate the veil, and explore the mysteries that lie beyond. Not the realities of *to-day*, but the prospects of *to-morrow* charm us. Man may be said to live in futurity. There he builds his habitation, and dwells with rapture upon the glowing fictions of his own creative fancy.

While memory is treacherous, and the past is forgotten—while the present is only a point, and arrests not the current of thought, the mind seeks a field where it may fully exercise its powers. This is found in the future. Here opens a boundless expanse, over which thought may wander with delight. Here fancy may roam unconfined. Here is felt the power of a charm which attracts the soul, and, like the mysterious loadstone, draws all objects toward itself. Much of its influence over the mind, however, may arise from the *change* it effects in desired objects.

When the mind contemplates a remote object, it discovers not deformities, but is often deceived, as is the eye by natural objects under similar circumstances. Why does a rude hut, surrounded with shrubbery, appear, at a distance, like a beautiful cottage, and an ugly plot of ground, covered with weeds, like a verdant lawn, clothed in all the rich luxuriance of nature?—the neighboring pool, whose nauseous vapors exhale poisons, like a placid sheet of water! All is the effect of distance. By its transforming agency, whatever may be harsh, discordant, and offensive, is softened into exquisite beauty and loveliness. As in the natural, so in the moral landscape,

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Objects appear comely and fascinating, because they are remote, and their deformities are concealed. Contemplate for a moment human life, and test the assertion by experience. We slight present objects, no matter how much happiness they might afford. They seem mean and unsatisfying. But those in the distant future we admire. We press to their attainment; yet often when attained, we loathe and cast them away.

But the fancied value of things in expectancy is greatly enhanced by the *medium* through which they are seen. Distance would operate in vain, did not imagination exert its magic power. Fancy is the mind's prophetic eye. It delights to traverse the mazes of the unknown future. When the light of reason scarcely

shines beyond the present, and to it would confine all our meditations, imagination, winged by the fires of inspiration, bears off its prize to the secret habitations of coming time.

Hope is another agent in the anticipations of the future. It clothes imagination in an apparent garb of reality, and gives even a seeming permanence to the forms of things unknown, conjured up by the wild workings of fancy.

"*Hope*, a beauteous phantom, pictures fair
Each scene of future life.
With mimic dyes she tinges every thought
Like Sol's bright ray, when falling on
The dew-bespangled mead."

But it remains for fancy to give the finishing stroke. Imagination plans the structure, hope gives the form, and fancy decorates.

The operations of these principles are seen in every period of life. In infancy, imagination, touching the secret springs of latent thought, and setting in motion the machinery of mind, is seen in all its multiform exhibitions. Behold the sportive boy as he runs on an errand for his parents. Mark the workings of his active mind, and the bright anticipations that are kindled by every passing object. What is it that now retards his steps? He is forming bright anticipations of the future. Perhaps he passes a window glittering with collections of rich and costly merchandise. He dreams of great possessions and incalculable wealth. A splendid mansion next attracts his notice. He hopes soon to be the proprietor of one still more magnificent. Now his ear catches the sound of martial music, and a military show is presented. Immediately he fancies himself the commander of a mighty army, with thousands moving at his will. He dreams of battle fields, glorious victories, and of the conqueror's triumphs. These, however, may be considered the wild chimeras of an untutored, infant mind, which a ripper and enlightened judgment would correct. But let it be remembered that human nature is always the same. As the small shrub bodies forth the form of the stately tree, so the mental operations of the young are only the mighty mind in embryo.

What is it that occupies the sleeping and waking reveries of the young man about to enter upon the arena of active life? Watch the course of his thoughts in his solitary musings. Is he to be a merchant? How bright are his expectations! He hopes soon to outrival all his competitors in wealth and respectability. He anticipates seeing his name known and honored in every country, and his ships floating on every sea. Is he a scholar, about to enter the field of literary competition? Imagination bears him at once to the very pinnacle of fame, forgetful of the necessary intervening steps. The productions of his pen are read and admired by all the learned; or perhaps called to a public life, "juries hang upon his lips, courts bow to his decisions, or a listening senate is wielded at his will." Thus men pass their lives, the victims of vain hopes and visionary projects. Nor do they cease while the waning lamp of life emits its feeblest ray. Often the

ruling passion is strong in death, and the last struggles of expiring nature are blended with the strong utterance of some long cherished plan of life.

The picture drawn is not of an individual, but of the multitude. There are few in this busy world who do not chase these glittering phantoms of hope with eagerness. But how little of this bright imagery possesses any real and tangible qualities! How few of these brilliant castles built amid fancy's wild careerings, are ever inhabited! Men look forward with eager solicitude to the period when they shall attain the full fruition of their wishes; but, alas! how seldom are they gratified! When the period for their fulfillment arrives, all their bright anticipations, once so firmly enthroned in futurity, vanish, and, "like a vision, leave not a wreck behind." While we admit there is a pleasure in gay day dreams, and midnight reveries, care should be taken to guard against excessive indulgence. If not, the mind will soon become like well-wrought machinery without a balance-wheel. When loose reins are given to the imagination, and a wild fancy permitted to drive the vehicle of thought far into the ideal world, man has no safe criterion of action, but becomes a fit object for the arrows of fate. Reason, phæton-like, unable to restrain the impetuosity of an imperious imagination, is hurled from her seat of authority, subdued by the power of disappointed hope; and once noble man becomes, like the mountain oak riven by the vengeful thunderbolt, a blighted trunk of an accursed root.

Rather suborn imagination to the dictates of reason, and consult the oracles of wisdom; for there are anticipations which disappoint not, and hopes that will not die, even before the "dances of death." I mean those higher, holier, nobler aspirations of the soul, which so connect things present with the future, as "to bind man's chaste affections to the throne of God," where long cherished expectation will ere long break forth into the bright realities of a blissful eternity.

LEANDER.

Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.--NO. VII.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

THE GRECIAN DRAMA--TRAGIC WRITERS--ÆSCHYLUS--SOPHOCLES--EURIPIDES.

WE have now arrived at a point in the history of the classic writers of Greece which demands some change in the manner of treating the subject. Thus far we have endeavored to give a sketch of the most prominent of these authors in their chronological order, without particular reference to the different departments of literature to which they devoted themselves. As, however, from this period onward writers multiply greatly, and literature becomes more systematically divided, we shall endeavor to present each particular department, with its chief writers, separately, and not regarding the order of time as heretofore. Under this new arrangement the first general subject which we shall introduce to our readers is

THE DRAMA.

The drama has its origin, in almost all nations, in that love of scenic representations which seems to constitute a part of man's nature. It is not borrowed by one people from another; but is most generally the invention of each nation among whom it is found. Such was the case with the Greeks, the Etruscans, the East Indians, the Chinese, the Peruvians, and the Polyynesians; for all of these have had their drama, although among some of them it has existed in a very rude and unpolished state. Among the Greeks its origin must be traced back to the earliest period of their religion; for its parent was a god, and its celebration a religious rite. At the festival of Bacchus, one part of the exercises consisted in a company of singers chanting lengthy pieces of poetry in honor of the deity whom they were worshiping. Thespis, who flourished about the year 536, B. C., in order to relieve the monotony of this performance, and impart additional interest and vivacity to the scene, introduced a speaker between the different parts of the chorus, who should relate some interesting narrative, generally of a heroic character. Phrynichus, the successor and pupil of Thespis, carried this improvement still farther, by enlarging the narrative part, and restricting the chorus. But to Æschylus was reserved the great business of forming, from these slender materials, the splendor of the Grecian tragedy. Under his molding hand the chorus—which, as we have seen, was originally the foundation of the whole—became a secondary matter, and preserved only to give additional interest and beauty to the narrative part of the drama. By the introduction of a second, and sometimes a third actor upon the stage, he gave to the different parts all the energy and vivacity of the dialogue. To these he added scenic representations from the pencils of the most celebrated artists of his day, and frequently extensive machinery, where the piece required such representations as could not be given upon canvass. Sophocles and Euripides followed him in the work of improvement. Under their guidance, tragedy reached

the acme of its glory, as exhibited upon the Grecian stage.

The Grecian theatres were constructed nearly in the shape of a horse-shoe, and were entirely open at the top. They were sometimes so large as to contain 20,000 people. "The beautiful situation occupied by the remains of many of the ancient theatres, justifies the supposition that they were studiously placed so as to command, and to incorporate with their own architectural features, the finest objects of the adjacent country. The majestic mountains and luxuriant plains, the groves and gardens, the land-locked and open sea, in the neighborhood of many of the principal cities of Greece, presented the finest materials which taste could suggest or desire for such combinations." The theatre of Taurominium, in Sicily, was so placed that the audience had a fine view of Ætna in the background of the distance. That of Athens comprehended the various declivities of Mount Hymettus, and overlooked the Saronic Gulf, and the Piræus with its three ports. Above it towered the Acropolis crowned by the majestic Parthenon.

The seats in the theatre were arranged in a circular form, and rising one above another. The lower ones were reserved for the public officers and persons of the highest rank, the middle ones for the common people, and the upper ones for females. These last were not permitted to attend the representation of comedies, and they seldom attended any of the dramatic performances.

What is termed in modern theatres "the pit," was called the orchestra, and was occupied by the chorus. In the centre of the orchestra, and on a level with the stage, was the sacred altar, upon which sacrifices were always offered before the tragic contests commenced. All the performances occurred in the day-time, and could only be witnessed in pleasant weather.

The character of dramatic writings among the Greeks was in many respects very different from similar compositions among us. The "unities" of time, place, and action, especially the last two, were regarded as indispensable in every play. "The privacy in which the Greek women lived forbade the representation of the interior apartments of houses, and thus excluded from the ancient drama those scenes of amatory intrigue which supply the modern stage with so much dangerous and very pernicious excitement." From a similar reason, no female was ever permitted to appear upon the Grecian stage. Whenever a female character was introduced in any piece, it was always personated by a man.

The influence of the chorus was very great. The choral songs formed, in their subject, an impressive comment upon the subject of the drama—giving utterance, in sage and solemn strains, to the moral or religious sentiments, or to the patriotic emotions which it was supposed the passing scene ought to inspire in the breast of the spectator.

It has been said, in allusion to the lofty style and lyrical inspiration of these compositions, "that if, in ancient tragedy, the performers spoke the language of

heroes and kings, they spoke, in the choruses, the language of the gods."

The moral character of the Grecian drama was of a much higher order than that of more modern date. As an illustration of this fact, it is sufficient to state, that an attempt was recently made to introduce some of the Grecian plays upon the German stage, but failed, because their moral character was too elevated for the modern devotees of this pernicious amusement.

We have deemed thus much necessary to a more perfect understanding of the writings of those whose history we shall now attempt to sketch.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Æschylus, justly styled the father of Grecian tragedy, was a native of Eleusis, in Attica, and born in the year 525, B. C. His father, whose name was Euphorion, was a man of noble birth, and highly distinguished among his fellow countrymen. From this fact, it is highly probable that the youthful Æschylus received such mental cultivation as was adapted to fit him for the conspicuous part in the history of his country which he afterwards was called upon to act. His attention seems to have been early directed to literature, and especially to that of the dramatic character. A fable is related of him, that having fallen asleep while watching the clusters of grapes in a vineyard, Bacchus appeared to him, and bade him turn his attention to tragic composition. At the age of twenty-five, he made his first appearance as a tragic author, and commenced that literary career which has placed him one of the most brilliant stars in the constellation of Grecian intellect. His whole mental powers were devoted to the improvement of the drama. Receiving it in its infant state from his predecessors, he labored hard and successfully to elevate it to a high rank among the most refined moral and improving amusements of his country. He is said to have written no less than seventy dramas, of which five were satiric, and the remainder tragic. Of these, however, only seven are now extant. In the dramatic contests he was a victor thirteen times.

Æschylus was also a soldier as well as poet. He lived at a time when military glory was most highly esteemed. It was during his life-time that the celebrated expeditions of Darius and Xerxes against the liberties of his country were undertaken. (See Repository, January, 1842.) In the struggles of his countrymen, he bore a conspicuous part. He was in the celebrated battle of Marathon, and, with his two brothers, Cynægirus and Aminias, was graced with the praises due to pre-eminent bravery. This battle occurred in the thirty-fifth year of his age. Four years afterwards, he was engaged with his brother Aminias in the naval battle of Salamis, in which the Persian forces were completely defeated. In the following year, we find him among the Athenian troops at Plataea, where the last battle between the remains of the army of Xerxes and the Grecians was fought, and in which the Persian general, Mardonius, was slain, together with more than 200,000 of the forces under his command.

Such scenes were highly calculated to inspire in the

breast of Æschylus those sentiments of high and noble daring which abound in his works. He could with difficulty descend to a description of men and things of common life. Hence, gods and heroes form the principal character in most of his compositions.

The early part of his life was spent in honor. But like most others he met with reverses at last. Towards the latter part of his life he was charged with having violated, in some of his pieces, the secrets of the Eleusinian mysteries. The highly superstitious, although cultivated Athenians, would have banished him immediately, had not his brother Aminias appeared in the council, and removing his robe, exhibited the stump of his own arm, which he had lost at Salamis, and in this way interceded for his brother. An appeal so touching—an act manifesting such fraternal affection and presence of mind, had the desired effect on the quick and impulsive temper of the Athenians, and Æschylus was pardoned. This treatment, however, together with the victory in an elegiac contest gained over him by Simonides, and the increasing popularity of his young rival, Sophocles, determined him to leave Athens. He afterwards took up his residence at the court of Hiero, in Sicily. Here he died at the age of sixty-nine, and was buried with great honors by his royal patron. Upon his tomb the following epitaph (written by himself before his death) was inscribed: "This tomb covers the remains of Æschylus, the Athenian, the son of Euphorion, who died at Gelas, fertile in corn. The glades of Marathon would attest his distinguished valor, and the long haired Mede who proved it."

SOPHOCLES.

Sophocles was born at Colonus, a village a little more than a mile distant from Athens, in the year 495, B. C.; consequently, he was thirty years younger than Æschylus, and, as we shall see, fifteen older than Euripides, both of whom he survived—the latter, however, only a few months. Sophocles was early instructed in all the wisdom and accomplishments of the age in which he lived. Born of wealthy parents, of great personal beauty, possessing a mind of most excellent natural talents, and a soul full of generous feelings, it is not surprising that he was the idol of friends, and the pride and boast of his admiring countrymen. At the age of sixteen he was selected, on account of his extraordinary talents and beauty, to lead the dance, and, as was the custom of those times, to play on the lyre before the chorus of youths who performed a pæan around the trophy erected in honor of the Salaminian victory. At the age of twenty-five, he entered the poetical arena, and, before a tribunal of his fellow citizens, exhibiting his maiden drama, was proclaimed first victor. From that time onward, during a period of sixty-three years, he devoted himself to his favorite pursuit. During this period he is said to have written no less than 117 tragedies. All of these but seven have perished in the general wreck of ancient literature.

In his poetical contests twenty times he obtained the first prize. Still more frequently he obtained the second, but never sank to the third. "Such a continua-

tion of poetic exertion and triumph is the more remarkable from the circumstance that the powers of Sophocles, so far from being dulled and exhausted by these multitudinous efforts, seem to have contracted nothing from labor and age, save a mellow tone, a more touching pathos, a more sweet and gentle character of thought and expression."

His life was not entirely devoted to the service of the Muses. In his fifty-seventh year, he was one of the generals of the Athenian army, having Pericles and Ehucydides as colleagues. His military talents seem not to have been of a very high order, or at least not to have imparted additional lustre to his dramatic fame. He served the state also in other ways. His end was calm and peaceful, without sickness or protracted pain. He lived to the advanced age of ninety.

As a writer he was one of the most remarkable of his age. He was eminently a moral poet, although in his early life he seems to have been intemperately devoted to pleasure. Judging from his works which remain, he was the most finished writer of the three great tragic authors of Greece. Two of his tragedies—the *Œdipus Tyrannus* and the *Antigone*—doubtless surpass every thing of a similar character, either ancient or modern—the one excelling in the skill and arrangement of the incidents of the plot—the other in the tenderness and pathos with which it abounds. (Those who desire a more extended sketch of this poet we must refer to Prof. Anthon's *Classical Dictionary*, Art. *Sophocles*, or to the last *Edinburgh* edition of *Potter's Grecian Antiquities*.)

EURIPIDES.

When the Athenians were in daily expectation of an attack upon their city by the forces of Xerxes, they sent away their wives and treasures to the adjacent island of Salamis. Here they remained until after the final defeat of the Persian monarch. It was on this island, and on the very day of the celebrated battle of Salamis, that Euripides was born, B. C., 480. His father's name was Mnesarchus—that of his mother Clito. Some difficulty has arisen in endeavoring to ascertain the *rank* of his parents. It appears they were persons of considerable opulence. They bestowed upon their son the most expensive education, having employed the most celebrated teachers—such as Anaxagoras, Protagoras, and Prodicus—for his instructors. In early life, we are told, his father made him turn his attention to gymnastic exercises; and that at the age of seventeen he was crowned in the Eleusinian and Thesian contests. He also devoted a part of his time to poetry and painting. Pericles was his fellow pupil under the tuition of Anaxagoras. He was also most intimately acquainted with Socrates, who had previously been a pupil of the same great master. Euripides began his career as a tragic writer at the age of twenty-five. He labored under some disadvantages which his predecessors did not—inasmuch as he had to contend, in the dramatic art, with men who had made that art what it was. Notwithstanding these embarrassments, he arrived at such eminence, that even during his life-

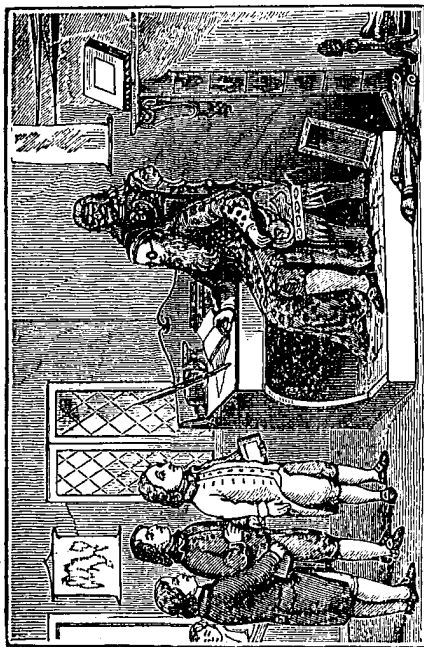
time, when the Athenian fleet was captured off Syracuse, all who could repeat a line of his poetry had their lives spared, and were also set at liberty. Domestic trials, together with some more public mortifications, caused him to abandon Athens, and accept the invitation of Archelaus to take up his residence at the Macedonian court. Here he lived in affluence and ease until the melancholy accident which terminated his life. He was exposed, "either from chance or malice, to the attack of some ferocious hounds, and by them so dreadfully mangled, as to expire soon afterwards, in the fifty-seventh year of his age." He was buried at Pella, with every demonstration of grief and respect. Of his tragedies only eighteen have escaped the destroying hand of time. Of these the *Medea* probably deserves the highest place. The moral character of Euripides is tarnished by many glaring faults. In this respect he is far more exceptionable than either of his predecessors.

THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL.

Famous Old People

The Youth's Companion (1827-1929); May 20, 1842; 16, 2; American Periodicals

pg. 5



THE OLD FASHIONED SCHOOL.

Now imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's school-room. It is a large, dingy room, with a sanded floor, and is lighted by windows that turn on hinges, and have little diamond shaped panes of glass. The scholars sit on long benches, with desks before them. At one end of the room is a great fire-place, so very spacious, that there is room enough for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney corners. This was the good old fashion of fire places, when there was wood enough in the forests to keep people warm, without their digging into the bowels of the earth for coal.

It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the school-room. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fire-place, and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up the chimney! And every few moments, a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room, which sails slowly over the heads of the scholars, until it gradually settles upon the walls and ceiling. They are blackened with the smoke of many years, already.

Next, look at our old historic chair! It is placed, you perceive, in the most comfortable part of the room, where the generous glow of the fire is sufficiently felt, without being too intensely hot. How stately the old chair looks, as if it remembered its many famous occupants, but yet were conscious that a greater man is sitting in it now! Do you see the venerable school-master, severe in aspect, with a black skull-cap on his head, like an ancient Puritan, and the snow of his white beard drifting down to his very girdle? What boy would dare to play, or whisper, or even glance aside from his book, while Master Cheever is on the look-out, behind his spectacles! For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fire-

place, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

And now school is begun. What a murmur of multitudinous tongues, like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buz, buz, buz! Amid just such a murmur has Master Cheever spent above sixty years; and long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a bee-hive, when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

Now a class in Latin is called to recite. Forth steps a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats, and small clothes, with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are to be sent to Cambridge, and educated for the learned professions. Old Master Cheever has lived so long, and seen so many generations of school boys grow up to be men, that now he can almost prophesy what sort of a man each boy will be. One urchin shall hereafter be a doctor, and administer pills and potions, and stalk gravely through life, perfumed with assa-fetida. Another shall wrangle at the bar, and fight his way to wealth and honors, and, in his declining age, shall be a worshipful member of his Majesty's council. A third—and he is the Master's favorite—shall be a worthy successor to the old Puritan ministers, now in their graves; he shall preach with great unction and effect, and leave volumes of sermons, in print and manuscript, for the benefit of future generations.

But, as they are merely school-boys now, their business is to construe Virgil. Poor Virgil, whose verses, which he took so much pains to polish, have been mis-scanned, and mis-parsed, and mis-interpreted, by so many generations of idle school-boys! There, sit down, ye Latinists. Two or three of you, I fear, are doomed to feel the master's ferule.

Next comes a class in Arithmetic. These boys are to be the merchants, shop-keepers, and mechanics, of a future period. Hitherto, they have traded only in marbles and apples. Hereafter, some will send vessels to England for broadcloths and all sorts of manufactured wares, and to the West Indies for sugar, and rum, and coffee. Others will stand behind counters, and measure tape, and ribbon, and cambric, by the yard. Others will upheave the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the plane over the carpenter's bench, or take the lapstone and the awl, and learn the trade of shoe-making. Many will follow the sea, and become bold, rough sea-captains.

This class of boys, in short, must supply the world with those active, skillful hands, and clear, sagacious heads, without which the affairs of life would be thrown into confusion, by the theories of studious and visionary men. Wherefore, teach them their multiplication table, good Master Cheever, and whip them well, when they deserve it; for much of the country's welfare depends on these boys.

But, alas! while we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times! The two malefactors are summoned before the master's chair, wherein he sits, with

the terror of a judge upon his brow. Our old chair is now a judgment seat. Ah, Master Cheever has taken down that terrible birch-rod! Short is the trial—the sentence quickly passed!—and now the judge prepares to execute it in person. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In those good old times, a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on.

See! the birch-rod has lost several of its twigs, and will hardly serve for another execution. Mercy on us, what a bellowing the urchins make! My ears are almost deafened, though the clamor comes through the far length of a hundred and fifty years. There, go to your seats, poor boys; and do not cry, sweet little Alice; for they have ceased to feel the pain a long time since.

And thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch, and then, with tiresome deliberation, puts the ferule into his desk. The little multitude await the word of dismissal, with almost irrepressible impatience.

"You are dismissed," says Master Cheever.

The boys retire, treading softly until they have passed the threshold; but, fairly out of the school-room, lo, what a joyous shout!—what a scampering and trampling of feet!—what a sense of recovered freedom, expressed in the merry uproar of all their voices! What care they for the ferule and birch-rod now? Were boys created merely to study Latin and Arithmetic? No; the better purposes of their being are to sport, to leap, to run, to shout, to slide upon the ice, to snow-ball!

Happy boys! Enjoy your play-time now, and come again to study, and to feel the birch rod and the ferule, to-morrow; not till to-morrow, for to-day is Thursday lecture; and ever since the settlement of Massachusetts, there has been no school on Thursday afternoons. Therefore, sport, boys, while you may; for the morrow cometh, with the birch-rod and the ferule; and after that, another morrow, with troubles of its own.

Now, the master has set every thing to rights, and is ready to go home to dinner. Yet he goes reluctantly. The old man has spent so much of his life in the smoky, noisy, buzzing school-room, that, when he has a holiday, he feels as if his place were lost, and himself a stranger in the world. But, forth he goes; and there stands our old chair, vacant and solitary, till good Master Cheever resumes his seat in it to-morrow morning.—*Famous Old People.*